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## SEÑOR CASTELAR'S MINISTRY.

SEÑOR CASTELAR has at last assumed the conduct of an enterprise for which he was primarily responsible. To maintain the name and form of a Republic, without destroying society as it existed under the Monarchy, has been the ambition of his life. If he can now accomplish the task, he will, at the cost of enormous temporary calamities, have at the most left his country as well off as he found it. During the conflicts and amidst the disappointments of the last few months, CASTELAR has probably learned some of the most indispensable lessons of politics and government. The Republican party, of which he was by character and ability the legitimate leader, professed, with his sanction, to assert a divine right of supremacy, apart from expediency and independent of the will of the majority of the nation. To the institutions which had been established or recognized by the constituent Cortes, as to the authority of previous Governments, the Republicans and their eloquent chief only submitted under protest and compulsion. They announced at all times that they would take the first opportunity of realizing their sacred creed in practice, and, when the plots of various factions against King AMADEO had created a vacancy in the supreme power, CASTELAR was one of the first to proclaim the long-expected Republic. The Ministry in which he held a considerable place affected in the first instance to derive its mandate from the Cortes, and CASTELAR himself would probably have been glad to maintain the compromise by which all Liberal parties took a share in the Government. Soon afterwards, at the dictation of a street mob, the Republicans expelled their Radical colleagues from office, and at a later period they superseded the Assembly, and assumed a provisional Dictatorship to last till the convocation of a new Cortes. The next change was the flight of FIGUERAS, the retirement of CASTELAR, and the accession of PI Y MARGALL to power. Anarchy was now at its height, as upstart Governments in various parts of Spain began to practise the Federalism about which CASTELAR and his associates had merely talked. The Cortes were powerless, the Ministers were convicted of incapacity and suspected of treason; and after one of their number had proclaimed the doctrine that rebels of his own political persuasion were entitled to perpetual immunity from the legal penalties of rebellion, Señor SALMERON exercised the powers of government with, for the first time since the proclamation of the Republic, a certain display of honesty and vigour. Although the Ministers were unable seriously to check the progress of the Carlists in the North, they succeeded in repressing insurrections in Seville, in Valencia, and in other towns. Their forces have hitherto been insufficient for an attack on Carthage, and the rebel Government enjoys the singular advantage of superiority at sea.

Señor SALMERON, despairing probably of re-establishing civil and military order, has resigned on the strange pretext of an insurmountable objection to the infliction of capital punishment. Mutineers and assassins seem to form the only class which in Spain is entitled to immunity from violent death. Throughout the South of Europe objections to capital punishment commonly indicate a sentimental ferocity which is only shocked by the combination of severity with judicial solemnity and calmness. By making way for CASTELAR, who is less squeamish in his regard for criminal life, SALMERON seems to have admitted that the punishment which he shrinks from inflicting is nevertheless both just and necessary. If the Carlists and the Murcian rebels are to be suppressed, an army must be

formed and rendered efficient by discipline; and unless mutineers are summarily shot, it is idle to hope for obedience or for victory. The majority of the Cortes which elected CASTELAR numbered two to one; but it is unsatisfactory to learn that more than sixty members voted for PI Y MARGALL, in spite of his unconscious or voluntary complicity with the insurgents. In his speech after his acceptance of office the Minister dwelt on the criminal violence of the demagogues, and on the necessity of restoring discipline even by means of capital punishment. He has determined to call out the Reserves to the number of 150,000 men, and to arm in addition 500,000 Militiamen; and if his efforts prove successful, he ought to be able to terminate both the Carlist war and the Southern rebellion in the course of the present year. For Republics as for Monarchies irresistible force is the first condition of government. If the various armed bands which disturb the tranquillity of Spain can be dispersed or destroyed, it may perhaps be possible to begin civil government from the beginning. The Republicans in Opposition succeeded in demoralizing the army, and it is right that they should experience the difficulty of undoing their own mischievous work. For the present the levies which are to end the war exist only on paper or in the speeches of the Minister. Half a million of Militiamen will probably be bent on massacring one another; but it is possible that the materials of a regular army may still be discovered.

The most encouraging occurrence for the country, if not for the Republic, is the return to public life of some important political exiles. Since the overthrow of the Monarchy, Spain has been exclusively ruled by a fraction of a party which itself formed a minority of the nation. The Ministers and generals who had previously conducted civil and military affairs have been compelled either to seek refuge abroad or to conceal themselves from observation. It is now announced that Marshal SERRANO has arrived at Madrid to accept a high military command, that General CONCHA is to undertake the reduction of Carthage, and that SAGASTA is expected to return to the capital. It is the plain duty of all responsible Spaniards to aid any actual Government in the repression of anarchy and in the conduct of the war against the Carlists; but the genuine Republicans can scarcely fail to perceive that their supremacy is compromised by the acceptance of the services of the former partisans of Monarchy. It may be assumed that SERRANO will render loyal service to any Government from which he accepts a commission; but if he succeeds in putting down the Carlist insurrection, he and those who share his opinions will have an undoubted right to a voice in the determination of the future form of government. The claims of the Republic were comparatively plausible before the experiment had been tried. It will now be reduced to throw itself on the protection of military chiefs who will owe it only provisional and temporary obedience. It is impossible to deny that the establishment of the Federal Republic was the immediate cause of the partial dissolution of the army, and of the secession of entire provinces from the State. Within the last week the Socialists of a district near Madrid have divided among themselves the lands of the village, after imprisoning the municipal authorities; and a successful insurrection has taken place at a town in Galicia. No patriotic scruple ought to prevent a general in command of a victorious army from taking measures to terminate chronic and sporadic rebellion. One probable result of the existing confusion may be the restoration of the dynasty of ISABELLA in the person of her son. The title of Don CARLOS may perhaps be equally good; but absolute monarchy and clerical supremacy would be unwelcome

even to a population which has groaned under the impotence of the Federal Republic.

It is not yet known whether the English Government will restore to the Madrid authorities the vessels which were hastily seized in the neighbourhood of Carthage. It would be impossible to comply with the original demand of the Republican Government that the *Vittoria* and *Almansa* should be treated as pirates. The capture of the ships, if it is followed by a transfer into the possession of the central authorities, will have been a distinct act of interference in civil war. On the other hand, the present Government of Carthage has no recognized existence; and a foreign Power may treat its public property according to its discretion. The best course would be to retain for the present ships which ought never to have been captured. It may at least be hoped that no favour will be conferred on the Republican Government until it has made reparation for the illegal seizure of the *Deerhound*. It is intolerable that an English ship should be captured on the high seas by a foreign cruiser in time of peace. The Republican Government would probably have objected to a concession by England of belligerent rights to the Carlists; and no other measure could give the Republic a right to capture contraband at sea. As far as the crew is concerned, the case is ruled by the precedent of the *Cagliari*, and the claim for redress is certainly not weakened by the fact that in the present instance the vessel also was English. The monstrous pretension to deal with the master and crew as pirates is utterly inadmissible. No Spanish Court or prosecutor would pretend to believe that the *Deerhound* was engaged in the plunder of peaceable vessels. The operation of carrying warlike supplies to the Carlists would have justified seizure and condemnation in Spanish waters; but the trade in arms beyond Spanish jurisdiction is lawful, nor can it involve any forfeiture of the right of English interests and English property to protection. It was to prevent complications of this kind that the QUEEN'S Proclamation of Neutrality was issued at the beginning of the American Civil War. The scandalous and arrogant injustice of the remonstrances which followed require no comment beyond the history of the *Deerhound*. In this case the English Government will scarcely consent to another Geneva Arbitration.

#### FRANCE.

IT is hard to say whether the Count of PARIS was well advised in going to Frohsdorf when he did, or would have been better advised if he had put off his visit till October. Coming at the beginning of the vacation, the interview between the two Princes had the effect, no doubt, of giving the Royalists of both sections a definite object to work for during the autumn. For the leaders on both sides it would have been enough to be informed in confidence that the reconciliation was determined on, and would be publicly proclaimed at the most convenient moment. But this fact could not have been communicated to the rank and file, and without this knowledge Orleanists and Legitimists would alike have spent the recess in aimless speculations as to the real intentions of their respective chiefs. On the other hand, too long an interval between the declaration of war and the first battle is often a misfortune for the attacking party. It gives them time to ponder over the difficulties that lie before them, and to find out how ill prepared they are to meet them. Discoveries of this kind may be valuable to the general, but to the common soldier they are simply discouraging. He can make no use of the knowledge when he has obtained it; he can only feel his hopes of success growing fainter every day, until in the end perhaps he is defeated mainly by his own faintheartedness. There are some signs that this process is going on among the partisans of the Fusion. At first they were confident and excited. The initial obstacle to a restoration had been triumphantly got over, and there was nothing before them but a course of uninterrupted success. The Count of PARIS had thrown himself at the feet of HENRY V., and in return HENRY V. had called him by the sacred name of Dauphin. After such amenities as these what more could there be to do? A formal resolution of the Assembly would declare France a legitimate and hereditary Monarchy; while another scarcely less formal would embody in a charter or constitution the gracious intentions of the Count of CHAMBORED—intentions which, by a happy coincidence, would cover the precise ground won by the Revolution of 1830. The

absence of the Assembly from Versailles made it impossible to take these simple but effective measures as soon as they were conceived. Day after day has, therefore, to be spent in inaction, and it is not surprising that, with nothing else to think about, the Fusionists begin to doubt whether, after all, everything will go quite so smoothly as they have hitherto hoped. The Count of CHAMBORED is a difficulty; the Orleanists are a difficulty; the POPE is a difficulty; Marshal MACMAHON is a difficulty; the Ministry is a difficulty; the Assembly is a difficulty; the country is a difficulty. Some of them may turn out to be merely imaginary difficulties, but some at all events are likely to prove real.

Perhaps the worst difficulty of all is the POPE. The French nation is not greatly moved about PIERRE IX. or his self-imposed confinement in the Vatican, but there is too much reason to believe that the Count of CHAMBORED does not share its indifference. Unluckily there is no subject on which he has been so communicative. For five-and-twenty years he has been writing and talking about it; and everything that he has said and written has now been searched for and republished. It is not easy for a Most Christian King to be openly worse than his word, and, as the moderate partisans of the Fusion too well know, he has those about him who will not allow any retreat from the position he has hitherto maintained to pass unnoticed. We do not envy the feelings of the followers of the Count of PARIS on reading the last Pastoral of the Archbishop of PARIS. They have no objection to the Church so long as she concerns herself about the things of another world. But the Archbishop of PARIS is not at all inclined to limit himself in this way. Except that certain theological phrases and sentiments are scattered about in it, his Pastoral might be mistaken for a furious political manifesto. It is a declaration of unceasing war on the part of the Church against Italy. There are some acts of unjust violence, says the Archbishop, which are condoned by lapse of time. But for the outrages which the Italian Government has inflicted on the common father of Christendom no such condonation is possible. Time does but make the evil consequences of them more apparent, and the duty of repairing these disasters by removing their cause is continually becoming more imperative upon all Christian men. The Church can never cease in her efforts to restore Rome to the POPE and the POPE to Rome until the great end is accomplished. The Archbishop does not say how it is to come to pass; he only invites faithful Catholics to be instant in prayer for the POPE. But those among the Fusionists who have no wish to see Italy driven into the arms of Germany, and France embarked once more in a hopeless struggle against modern ideas, may well be uneasy at the Archbishop's exhortations to devotion. If the Count of CHAMBORED becomes King, it is among men of the Archbishop's way of thinking, only even more violent in their manner of expressing their thoughts, that he will choose his most trusted counsellors. Even if it be granted that his lay advisers will be of a more prudent temper, who is to say how much weight an Ultramontane sovereign, attributing his restoration to the answered prayers of pious Catholics, will attach to the counsel of his Ministers, and how much to the admonitions of his director? And even if the impossibility of moving to any good purpose should keep him quiet as regards Italian affairs, what kind of home policy is to be expected from men animated by the ideas which appear in the Archbishop's Pastoral? On the principle "Nullum tempus occurrit ecclesiæ" what French institution is safe? The same sort of reasoning which argues that Italy has met with nothing but disasters since she quarrelled with the POPE may prove that France has been equally unfortunate since the Revolution deprived the Church of her lands and made her a mere pensioner of the State. A reactionary Government may find it as hard to stop in its headlong retreat as a revolutionary Government in its headlong advance. These are not cheerful reflections for an Orleanist shopkeeper, and he has still another two months in which to indulge them.

With affairs in this position, it is well that the PRINCE IMPERIAL is not yet old enough to have shown any character of his own. At present an Imperialist restoration means a Regency; and though the EMPRESS might be more amenable to her Ministers than the Count of CHAMBORED, yet her devotion to the POPE is hardly less conspicuous. Indeed the POPE, by all accounts, is by no means certain whether it would suit his views best to see France a Kingdom or an Empire. If he congratulated the Count of



CHAMBORD upon the visit of his cousin, he sent a special blessing to the PRINCE IMPERIAL, and he is not known to have expressed any displeasure at the political use which the Imperial chaplain made of it. Had it been otherwise, it is far from impossible that the moderate Royalists might have turned to the Empire as a less dangerous form of Monarchy than the legitimate and hereditary kingship represented by the Count of CHAMBORD. NAPOLEON III. was a sufficiently pious sovereign, and throughout his reign he was, outwardly at least, on good terms with the Church. But he showed, when occasion demanded it, that whenever the interests of France pointed one way and the interests of the POPE another, the POPE had to content himself with civil speeches, while France got the solid pudding. This is precisely the amount of religion which the Orleanist party like to see introduced into politics. They have no love for Italy and they are probably more than willing that the POPE should regain his dominions, provided that it be done at somebody else's cost. But they wish the Church to be kept in her place, and to be made to understand that when political questions of real importance are under discussion she must not expect to be thought of until France has done the best she can for herself. NAPOLEON III. knew how to do this, and if the successor to his pretensions had given signs of inheriting his capacity, he might have profited by the uncertainty which rests upon the Count of CHAMBORD's intention in matters ecclesiastical.

Meanwhile the solid benefit which M. THIERS has conferred upon France is on the eve of being gathered in. The Germans are evacuating, or are on the point of evacuating, Verdun, and by the end of next week French territory will once more be occupied only by French troops. How sincerely grateful the Monarchical party are to the statesman by whose reputation and labours this result has mainly been brought about may be judged from a singular correspondence which has just passed between M. JULES FERRY and one M. HUIN, who is the President of an Agricultural Society at St. Dié, in the Department of the Vosges. At the annual dinner of this Society M. FERRY was asked to propose a toast, and in accordance, it seems, with custom, the President wrote to inquire whose health he meant to drink. M. FERRY replied that he intended to give the health of M. THIERS, but not to introduce any politics into his speech. M. HUIN immediately wrote to say that, as M. THIERS's name has unfortunately been made a pretext for agitation, and is even shouted by the very Communists who burnt his house, the toast must not be drunk. This is the true Royalist notion of a Conservative policy. He that is not with the Monarchists must be set down, not merely as against them, but as against law, order, property, family, and all the rest of it. They have modelled their politics on their religion, and can admit no middle term between accepting everything and rejecting everything. It is this temper that has already subjected France to so many revolutions; and if the Royalists are strong enough to achieve their object, it will probably be the cause of as many more.

#### THE OLD ERA AND THE NEW.

THE result of the Renfrewshire election shows that the tide of popular opinion is still running strongly against the Ministry, and it is the more significant because in Scotland the tendency has hitherto been supposed to be decidedly the other way. Renfrewshire is not a close county governed by the dictation of powerful proprietors. It derives a considerable tinge of Radicalism from Glasgow, the inhabitants are thriving and independent, and in any case the Ballot has enabled them to give effect to their opinions with perfect freedom. The seat was lately occupied not only by a Liberal, but by an important member of the Government; and it is now held by a Conservative. It would appear that at least two of Mr. GLADSTONE's colleagues failed to command the confidence of their constituents, for the late Home Secretary and the Parliamentary Secretary to the Treasury have both been succeeded by opponents of the Ministry. The rival candidates in Renfrewshire are both Colonels, and their political opinions are almost identical. Except by looking at the name at the head of the page, it was scarcely possible to distinguish an address by Colonel MURE from an address by Colonel CAMPBELL. The only difference between the two gentlemen was that Colonel MURE was a supporter of Mr. GLADSTONE and Colonel CAMPBELL was not, and that was

enough to settle the question between them. The election proves that in Scotland as in England people are getting very sick of the present Cabinet, and distrust and dislike it; but it would be hazardous to say that it is, in any substantial sense, an indication of a Conservative reaction. It may be doubted whether there is really in Scotland anything like Conservatism as it is preached by Conservative orators and journalists in the South. Most Scotchmen are, by instinct and education, Liberals; and their hereditary common sense, which restrains them from Radical excesses, discovers only matter for contempt and ridicule in the childish mock heroics androdomontade of the followers of Mr. DISRAELI. Even in its most highly coloured form Scotch Conservatism is but a mild affair, and scarcely goes beyond moderate Whiggery. The return of Colonel CAMPBELL is an unequivocal proof of the general unpopularity of the Government; but there is no reason to suppose that it is a sign of a reaction from Liberal opinions.

At such a moment the question whether Mr. GLADSTONE himself retains the confidence of his constituents is naturally a tempting subject of speculation. An apparently semi-official announcement in the *Daily Telegraph* shifts the grounds upon which it is held to be unnecessary for the PREMIER to vacate his seat. It was at first contended that, as Mr. GLADSTONE was not to receive any salary as Chancellor of the Exchequer, that office was not, as far as he was concerned, an office of profit under the Crown. Since then it has been discovered that in 1834 Sir ROBERT PEEL, in accordance with the report of a Committee of the House of Commons which sat three years earlier, drew his whole salary as First Lord of the Treasury and half the salary of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, together 7,500*l.*; and it is stated that Mr. GLADSTONE has resolved to follow this precedent. It is obvious that the Chancellorship thus becomes an office of profit, since it yields 2,500*l.* a year, and the original argument against the necessity of a new election falls to the ground. It has now, therefore, been found necessary to explain that "the sole reason why the PREMIER has not vacated his seat is that his acceptance of two offices instead of one is manifestly one of the cases contemplated by the spirit, at least, if not the letter, of the amended Act passed a few years ago." It will be remembered that in the case of the COLLIER and Ewelme scandals the letter of the law furnished a pretext for evading its spirit; but now, as the letter does not happen to suit, the spirit is preferred. Delicacy of conscience is sometimes shown less in discharging obligations than in contriving the means of avoiding the sacrifices which they involve. The defeat of the head of the Government might be an awkward incident; but there is a more serious awkwardness in the spectacle of a Government exhausting its subtlety in slippery interpretations of the law, adapted to the personal exigencies of the hour. The simple and natural course in a doubtful case would be to obey the law as it stands, until there is an opportunity of amending it.

It will be interesting to observe what effect these successive and undeviating defeats will have upon the policy of the Ministry. Mr. LOWE at the Cutlers' Feast confined himself to a glorification of the past, and Mr. BRIGHT is not to speak until next month. In the interval the utterances of even Mr. W. H. GLADSTONE may perhaps deserve attention. It is an amusing illustration of the general unpleasantness of politics—particularly Government politics—just now, that the Liberals of Whitby were rather afraid that anything young Mr. GLADSTONE could say would be apt to drive away summer visitors and injure the jet trade, the purchase of that dismal article apparently demanding a cheerful mind; and he had therefore to promise, before he was allowed to speak, that he would say as little as possible. Accordingly he "alluded particularly to the jet trade, the visiting season, the herring fishery, and the iron ship-building trade," and as little particularly as possible to everything else. In spite of himself, however, he stumbled into some curious and significant disclosures. Mr. LOWE in his speech at Sheffield went on the assumption that he had been transferred from the Exchequer to the Home Office in consequence of having triumphantly exhausted the possibilities of usefulness in the former department. There were no more worlds to conquer on that side of the street, and so he went over the way. It must have occurred to everybody that it was an odd mistake to remove so successful an administrator from an office in which he had so greatly distinguished himself; but the son of the PREMIER, who, it must be presumed, knows something

of his father's mind, gives a very different version of the transaction. There had been, he said, "certain irregularities and inconsistencies in certain departments"—in other words, a mess at the Treasury—"and it was in order to reinforce and make them perfect, as far as possible, that various changes in the *personnel* of the Government had been made." Now that his father had taken upon himself the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, and Mr. BRIGHT was coming back, and Mr. LOWE had been put into a hole at the Home Office, "the timbers of the ship"—an allusion intended probably to conciliate the shipbuilding trade—"were sounder, and its seams well caulked." It would appear, therefore, that Mr. LOWE's destiny, in the opinion of his colleagues, has sunk into being useful only for caulking purposes. He stops a hole to keep the wind away. On other subjects Mr. W. H. GLADSTONE, in deference to the feelings of bathers and the interests of the jet trade, touched as lightly as he could. He referred vaguely to the education question, but "at the present moment he was not prepared to state what were the precise views and intentions of the Government in this matter." All he could say was, that "he was convinced that the utmost would be done to secure justice to all." He added that, as to the disestablishment of the Church of England, his father felt that this was a question for the new era, while he was the leader of the old era, which was quickly drawing to a close. An ecclesiastical revolution is, it seems, to be the next great question, but Mr. GLADSTONE modestly suggests, not that there is anything to be said on behalf of the Church, but that its destruction should be left to another leader. It would appear that the PREMIER, in confidential intercourse with his family, if not with his colleagues, is still harping on the old note of morbid unrest and perpetual change. He singles out the quarry, although he professes to be too old and stiff to join in the chase. It is just possible that, if the sport were once started, the weary huntsman might find his energies restored.

It is impossible to look back over Mr. GLADSTONE's strange political career without remarking that in his time he has managed to use up a good many old eras, and to adapt himself with singular elasticity of sentiment and conviction to a good many new ones. It was observed not long ago by a very philosophical Radical that, though Mr. GLADSTONE was generally to be found lagging behind his party, and indeed went over most of the ground with his head turned the other way, he always managed to get pulled up to them at a critical moment. During Lord PALMERSTON's Ministry, and while Lord RUSSELL still stood between him and the leadership of the Liberal party, Mr. GLADSTONE was apparently under the impression that the Irish Church question, the Irish Land question, and the Ballot belonged to a future era with which he had nothing to do. Yet very soon afterwards he felt no insuperable difficulty in precipitating the advent of an era in which he had an opportunity of playing a prominent part. His opinions suddenly crystallized with a rapidity which must have been exceedingly convenient for the party exigencies of the moment. The first influence of the defeats which the Government has lately sustained would seem to have been to produce a disposition towards quiet and inaction, but it is not improbable that, as they continue, they may have an opposite effect. It is evident that the classes who desire quiet distrust the intention or capacity of Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues to secure it; and if the latter find that it is hopeless to obtain acceptance on those terms, they may be tempted to try another tack. It has been announced by what is called a Press Association that Mr. GLADSTONE is in the autumn to visit Ireland, and to proclaim an amnesty to the Fenian prisoners. The statement, as far as we are aware, has not been contradicted; but it is of course incredible. That Mr. GLADSTONE, with characteristic restlessness and meddlesomeness, may undertake an oratorical expedition to Ireland is not impossible; but that, after his repeated declarations in regard to the Fenian prisoners, and his unanswerable vindication of the justice of their punishment, he should now turn round and pronounce an amnesty, is a thing which cannot be believed until it has actually happened. The announcement, however, though erroneous in fact, may not be without some significance, especially when taken in conjunction with Mr. W. H. GLADSTONE's prediction of a new era of volcanic politics, in which the explosion of the Church is to be a prominent feature. It will not perhaps be very surprising if an attempt is made to launch the country upon another course

of sensational legislation and heroic topsy-turviness. There is, however, some security for a breathing space of rest in the fact that the Government has pretty well exhausted the subjects which it found ready to its hand, and that new questions must have time to ripen and develop. Perhaps the most mischievous of the fallacies with which Mr. LOWE built up his singular apologia was the assumption that great national changes can be effected offhand by merely passing Acts of Parliament. An Act of Parliament is really only an egg which has to be hatched; and what is now wanted is not a cackling but a sitting hen.

#### ITALY, AUSTRIA, AND GERMANY.

AMONG many Royal visits of recent times none has been more judicious or more appropriate than the impending visits of the King of ITALY to the Imperial Courts of Vienna and Berlin. For many years resentment, ambition, and patriotism combined to make VICTOR EMMANUEL the enemy of Austria. He ascended the throne with the determination to avenge Novara and the slight which had been offered by the victor to his father. A few years later he was enabled by the aid of a powerful ally to annex Lombardy and the adjacent Duchies; and the later acquisition of Naples was an additional menace to the Power which retained its dominion over the only Italian provinces which were not included in the new kingdom. By an extraordinary stroke of fortune, it suited the purpose of Prussia to complete the work which had been commenced by France; and it was perhaps well that neither the interests nor the national pride of Austria were seriously affected by the final loss of Venice and the rest of her Italian territory. The Quadrilateral had been defended in 1866 rather as a point of honour than for reasons of policy; and the compulsory evacuation was preceded by successful battles both by land and by sea. With the consolidation of the Italian Kingdom and the retirement of Austria from the Peninsula all cause for hostility between the neighbouring Powers proved to be at an end; and the ancient connexion by blood and alliance naturally resumed its influence. During the long struggle for independence the Italian Government had become irreconcilably embroiled with the See of Rome, which had formerly relied on Austrian power for the maintenance of its temporal dominion. If no other change had taken place, the Government of Vienna might have thought it necessary to adopt the policy which is now urged on the French Assembly by a large section of the majority. A claim to the Protectorate of the Church might have been more troublesome to the Italian Government than the vicinity of a formidable and alien Power on the coast of the Adriatic; but happily the course of events, precipitated by the rashness of the POPE, had detached Austria as well as Italy from his cause. The Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH sacrificed his personal inclinations and the policy of his youth to the interests of his Empire; and soon after the loss of Venetia a Protestant Prime Minister undertook the direction of Austrian affairs. While France, and even Spain, has repeatedly interfered on behalf of the temporal power, Austria has tacitly acquiesced in the Italian occupation of Rome. The Exhibition furnishes a suitable excuse for a visit of the King of ITALY to Vienna, and the consequent interchange of courtesies will symbolize and ratify the re-establishment of friendly relations. Between 1820 and 1848 a whole literature of invective and lamentation expressed the repugnance of the cultivated class of Italians to the presence of the Teutonic foreigner on their soil. The greatest Italian writer of the time reproached the "conscience-stricken sallow Savoyard" with his attendance in the train of the Emperor FERDINAND at Milan. No patriot, however sensitive, will disapprove of the presence of the son of CHARLES ALBERT at Vienna.

The KING is supposed to have felt some hesitation in accepting the invitation to proceed to Berlin. It is not to be supposed that mere dislike to a prolongation of courtly ceremonies could interfere with the performance of political duty. With the personal tastes of a sportsman, VICTOR EMMANUEL is one of the most serious, as he has been one of the most successful, of politicians. His rough simplicity of demeanour never interfered with his ability to profit by the statesmanlike astuteness of CAVOUR or by the convenient temerity of GARIBOLDI. The sacrifice of a week or fortnight of amusement would be a trifling consideration for the establishment of a cordial understanding with Germany.



It may perhaps have been with a proper regard to the susceptibilities of France that the KING postponed his acceptance of the invitation to Berlin, that he might seem to yield to the prudent urgency of his Ministers. It is well known that the Imperial Government has little reason for personal gratitude to the KING. Although Prussia had contributed to his aggrandizement almost as largely as France, and notwithstanding the identity of the interests of both countries in opposing Papal claims, VICTOR EMMANUEL proposed to his Ministers in 1870 to send a contingent to join the French army. It will probably be always uncertain whether the KING's impolitic proposal was made in earnest. It was perhaps against his own will that he took the opportunity of the overthrow of the French Empire to occupy Rome, and afterwards to transfer the seat of government to the ancient capital; but the pliancy which waives a simple, and at the same time secures a material advantage, generally admits of a double interpretation. It is certain that the predominance of Germany in Europe affords the best security against an ecclesiastical reaction in Italy. The vigorous resistance of the German CHANCELLOR to the extravagant pretensions of the Papacy diverts attention from the offences of the POPE's "Subalpine" enemy. All but the most excited Catholics know that the supposed imprisonment of the POPE by the King of ITALY is a metaphorical fiction; while the laws which have been passed by the German Parliament in restriction of the rights claimed by the priesthood are enforced with uncompromising rigour. RICASOLI's experiment of "a free Church in a free State" has been tried in Italy with perfect good faith, but also without success. The German Government asserts the freedom and the supremacy of the State, without regard to any pretension of the Church to independence. The Italian Catholics are by tradition and education more hostile to the Papacy than their co-religionists in Germany, but their Government is less powerful and less resolute than the heretical rulers of the Empire. It is for the interest of Italy that French pilgrims should distribute their prayers and imprecations between the schismatical tyrants of Berlin and the apostate usurpers who violate the sanctity of Rome. Although the Italians would gladly remain neutral in any future Continental war, the force of circumstances may not improbably drive them into a German alliance. The clerical party in France openly avows the policy of replacing the POPE in the possession of his former dominions; and although M. THIERS repudiated all intention of interference with Italy, his authority may be quoted for the doctrine that it is the duty and interest of France to defend the temporal independence of the Holy See. If the legitimate Monarchy of the BOURBONS were re-established, the party which would then be dominant must, in consistency with its professions, make some effort to revive the French protectorate in Rome; nor is it certain that, if the BONAPARTES once more ascended the throne, they also might not be tempted to gratify the national vanity by continuing the Italian policy of NAPOLEON III. An unequal struggle would be most effectually averted by a defensive alliance between Italy and Germany. No French Minister who deserved the name of a statesman would attempt the restoration of the POPE, at the risk of renewing and exceeding the calamities of the last German war.

When Continental sovereigns in the present day meet for purposes of pleasure and business, they probably remember that they have all a common interest which may well outweigh national jealousies and grounds of conflict. In all parts of Europe revolution and anarchy are awaiting the opportunity which they have found in Spain. Two great States are at the present moment subject to Republican Governments, and socialistic democracy is active and vigilant in Germany, in Austria, and in Italy, and, under other forms, in Russia. While ecclesiastical aggression is but a transitory inconvenience, revolution is a permanent danger. The King of ITALY, and even the German EMPEROR, may laugh at the fulminations of the POPE; but the establishment of Republics in other parts of Europe is not more impossible than it might have seemed a few years ago in France and Spain. It is not desirable that existing Governments should concert with one another measures of coercion, but they may find in the menaces of a common enemy reasons for avoiding quarrels among themselves. The chief Royal personages of the present day cannot be charged with indolence or personal insignificance. Neither the King of ITALY nor the German EMPEROR can be considered to possess either military or political genius of the highest order; but both have commanded armies in the field, one with credit

and one with glory; both have known how to avail themselves of the services of consummate statesmen, and both have contributed largely to the creation of the powerful monarchies over which they respectively preside. The Emperor WILLIAM and King VICTOR EMMANUEL possess in common the attribute of manliness, as well as the ordinary gift of personal bravery. Historians, while they justly assign the chief merit of creating Italy and Germany to CAVOUR and BISMARCK, will not fail to record the loyal devotion of the reigning Sovereigns to the national cause in both countries. If the King of ITALY finds little pleasure in the magnificent hospitalities of Berlin and Potsdam, he can scarcely fail to take a warm professional interest in the first army in Europe. The reviews with which Royal guests are entertained at Continental Courts will not be merely ornamental pageants in the eyes of VICTOR EMMANUEL. It may be hoped that he will not be disturbed by envy of the magnitude of Austrian and German armaments, or tempted into a costly and impracticable rivalry.

#### ARCHBISHOP MANNING ON IRELAND.

IT is natural that Archbishop MANNING should look with exultation on the religious condition of Ireland. It is the one country in Europe in which the Roman Catholic Church is really flourishing. The Archbishop is too shrewd a politician to place much trust in the present reaction in France, and in Germany, Italy, and Spain he sees even less ground for hope. In his letter to the Roman Catholic Primate of Ireland he declares that the Monarchies "have sold themselves, and are morally gone"; and certainly the nations seem ready to follow the example of the Monarchies. It is not in Archbishop MANNING's line to draw conclusions which would not be approved at Rome, but in his own mind he has perhaps already recognized the lesson which this contrast forcibly suggests. Ireland is the one Catholic country in which for three hundred years the State has not been Catholic; consequently it is the one Catholic country in which the Church has not been tempted to ally herself inextricably to the Monarchy. If she had held as loosely by the Monarchy in France as she has in Ireland, she would not have shared its fate at the Revolution, and the ideas of 1789 might not have been so largely coloured by irreligion. Under the Orleanist Monarchy the Church was not in favour at Court, and the result of this short interval of moral independence was seen in the revived popularity of the clergy about 1848. But the alliance of the Empire had charms which she could not resist, and hatred to every religious institution has again become the recognized badge of advanced Republicans. Ultramontanism and Republicanism have this in common, that they rarely look beyond the moment. The Empire offered immediate advantages to the clergy, and to secure them they consented to stand or fall with its fortunes. The Church is hostile to Republicanism as a matter of fact, and Republicans rarely stop to consider whether her hostility is accidental or inevitable. Archbishop MANNING can have no good word to throw to the Revolution, because PIUS IX. has raised the temporal power of the Pope almost to a level with his spiritual power; and so long as this position is adhered to, there can be no trace between the Church and the democratic spirit. But the example of Ireland must, we should think, suggest to him that even in Italy the Church might have chosen a more excellent way, and be reaping the benefits of it at this moment.

The Archbishop next considers what are the dangers to which Catholicism in Ireland is principally exposed. He does not much fear direct anti-Catholic legislation. The example of Germany may inflame that "handful of boisterous and blustering doctrinaires who are trying to turn men away from doing what is just towards Ireland by grandiloquent phrases about the Imperial race and the Imperial policy;" but the work of subjecting Ireland to the religious ideas of England will prove, he thinks, too tough for them. We have little doubt that in this respect Dr. MANNING is right. A policy of persecution cannot be effectively persevered in when those who preach it have first to persuade people that it is not the thing it looks. There was no such squeamishness in the days of the TUDORS. Then men of all parties persecuted freely, and would have thought themselves greatly to blame if they had not persecuted. Now, even in Germany, it is thought needful to find an excuse for every harsh measure which is adopted

towards the Church. The Government is acting in pure self-defence; it has no hostility to the Roman Catholic religion or the Roman Catholic clergy; it only asks to be allowed to live at peace with them; it is bound to make the Empire safe against its foes, and its religious legislation is directed solely to this object. These are the pleas put forward in defence of acts which three centuries back would not have been thought to need excuse; and if even in Germany, where men are not much accustomed to criticize the acts of their rulers, it is necessary to concede thus much to public feeling, how much more necessary would it be in England, where the whole tradition of the dominant party is opposed to this kind of legislation. Persecution which has to be glossed over and apologized for stands but a poor chance of being carried on with any vigour or consistency. If there is any cause to feel alarmed for the prospects of Irish Catholicism, it lies, Dr. MANNING thinks, in the possibility of education being secularized. Those who desire to rid the world of religion "know perfectly well that the school is more fatal to their policy than the Church." As regards elementary education, Archbishop MANNING makes one very curious remark:—"We in England," he says, "were upon the brink of being terrified by agitation and juggled by Leagues into some compromise. . . . The danger is, I hope, past, because the momentary scare is over, and the weakness of the agitation is found out." It seems from this there was a time when the English Roman Catholic authorities were not altogether unwilling to come to terms with the Secularists. Probably they were more afraid of unsectarian education than of secular education, and were willing to give up their control of purely secular instruction in order to be rid of the Bible without note or comment. Now they see that the unsectarian party has no real hold on the country, and that the battle will lie between Denominationalism and Secularism. Upon the issue thus stated they have come to the same conclusion as the Anglican clergy, and, as it seems to us, with even less reason. The number of Roman Catholic children in Protestant schools must be very considerable; and it would surely have been wiser if the Roman Catholic clergy had supported a system under which they would have had free access to every elementary school in which Roman Catholic children were being educated, instead of clinging to a system under which, though some Roman Catholic children are educated under Roman Catholic management, others necessarily learn to regard religion as something altogether separate from their school-life. We have before now said much the same thing as regards the Anglican clergy, and, in so far as Secularism fairly carried out would set free a great part of the funds which now go to maintain secular teaching, the argument is equally applicable to both. But the position of the Roman Catholic Church in England differs from that of the Anglican Church in two important respects. It is a poor Church, and it is a Church whose adherents are widely scattered. It is no wonder that Roman Catholics should be in favour of voluntary schools in Liverpool, where there are Irish children enough to fill as many Catholic schools as the priests can find the money to build. But there are many places where a Roman Catholic school is an impossibility, because there are no more Roman Catholic children than would make up a single class. Education must be found for these children in some school or other. Under the present system they go either to a School Board school or to a Church of England school, and the priest has no opportunity of getting at them except in their own homes. Under a secular system he would have certain hours in the week allotted to him, during which he would have the use of the school building for the purpose of giving religious instruction. This is the danger which Dr. MANNING thankfully declares is now past.

As regards Ireland the danger dreaded by the Archbishop lies in the higher education. Popular education he considers safe, "not through any favour of Legislation, but through the fidelity and industry of the Catholic Church and its people." But before the higher education can be at once adequate and Catholic, England and Scotland must cease to legislate for Ireland according to English and Scotch interests and prejudices. In other words, Dr. MANNING is prepared to make common cause with the Irish bishops, and to declare that no solution of the Irish University question will be satisfactory which does not charter and endow a Catholic University. When Mr.

GLADSTONE'S Irish University Bill was first introduced, the Archbishop admits that he thought well of it. As soon, however, as he knew that the Irish bishops had rejected Mr. GLADSTONE'S proposals, he saw that his first impression had been mistaken. "Such mixed and godless schemes of University education have become inevitable in England by reason of our endless religious contentions. England has lost its religious unity, and is paying the grievous penalty." Ireland has not forfeited its religious unity, consequently Parliament is bound to legislate for Ireland according to the ideas and conscience of the Irish people. It is a little surprising to have Ireland held up to us as an example of religious unity; but even if we accept the assertion, it cannot be said entirely to close the controversy. Ireland is an integral part of the United Kingdom, and however much liberal and enlightened politicians may desire to legislate in accordance with Irish ideas and consciences, they have to bear in mind that such legislation is impossible unless some deference is paid to the ideas and conscience of the other parts of the Empire. Dr. MANNING sets up a claim which to many persons will seem hardly distinguishable from Home Rule. He does not propose, indeed, that there shall be three separate Parliaments for England, Scotland, and Ireland, but he insists that, as regards the internal affairs of each kingdom, the Imperial Parliament shall allow its legislation to be absolutely dictated by the representatives of that kingdom. That very great deference should be paid to their wishes most reasonable Liberals will admit; and we may remind Dr. MANNING that the defeated University Bill was a very different measure from what it would have been if it had been framed to carry out the views of the majority of Englishmen and Scotchmen. But when Ireland asks that, instead of a compromise in which Irish ideas shall be deferred to so far as is possible without setting English and Scotch ideas at defiance, there shall be a total surrender of English and Scotch ideas, she pushes the live-and-let-live principle to the point of extravagance. In order to strengthen his plea, Dr. MANNING assumes far too confidently that Irish ideas and wishes are altogether at one upon the subject of the higher education. "Even the Protestants and the Presbyterians of Ireland," he says, "demand that education shall be religious and Christian." Dr. MANNING'S reading of Irish Protestant opinion during the discussion of the University Bill is evidently quite opposed to ours. We should have said that the Protestants and Presbyterians of Ireland demand before all things that education, so far as the cost of it comes out of their pockets, shall not be Catholic. It is only so far as is consistent with this indispensable condition that they wish to see it religious and Christian.

#### THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS AT GENEVA.

IT is natural and right that the English newspapers which report the proceedings of the revolutionary Congresses at Geneva should more or less sympathize with the objects of the promoters, and feel or affect belief in their professions. Hostile witnesses would be reasonably regarded with suspicion and dislike, even if they were allowed to attend the meetings of these bodies. The cosmopolitan impartiality which allows journals of habitually Conservative character to fill their columns without protest with schemes for the subversion of society is happily both common and on the whole laudable. It is not desirable that the supporters of established institutions should, like some of their opponents, be one-sided fanatics. Unluckily the International Church is already split up into sects which detest one another with the utmost fervour; and reporters who hold any form of the Communist faith are bound to denounce in strong language the heresy of dissidents and schismatics. Mr. BARRY, who acted as Correspondent for the *Standard* at the International Congress of 1872, contrasts, in a preface to a republication of his reports, his enlightened Conservative employers with "the Liberal Press, the servile flunkies of the base bourgeoisie." Himself a devoted adherent of Mr. KARL MARX, Mr. BARRY would regard as excommunicated reprobates the managers of the present Congress; but to the less scrutinizing vision of a "base bourgeoisie" Bakouninists and Marxists are as indistinguishable as Burgher and Anti-Burgher Presbyterians have long appeared to Laodicean English observers. The Congress which met on the 1st of September represents a Federal organization, and repudiates the authority



of the General Council. The Centralists are holding a Congress of their own; but perhaps the proceedings of both assemblies may not be reported with equal fulness.

At present the Geneva agitators are in no sense formidable; but it is always worth while to understand opinions and passions which may possibly become popular and dangerous. When mobs of higher social rank meet from time to time to proclaim their devotion to the Syllabus or to the Beatified MARY ALACOQUE, their extravagances interest only ill-informed alarmists, or perhaps a few curious students of the morbid pathology of human nature. Civilization has nothing to fear from Ultramontanist exaggerations; but the doctrine that all power and property ought to be transferred to the class which lives by manual labour, inasmuch as it flatters the appetites and the vanity of a numerical majority, may possibly at some time be propagated by the aid of physical force. The only point on which the Geneva Congress seems to be either unanimous or harmonious is in its enthusiastic approval of the revolt of the Uncompromising faction against the Republican Government of Spain. The Internationalists avow themselves the authors of the rebellion, and their members applaud the heroism of the garrison of Carthage. According to the statement of the Spanish delegates, the associated workmen felt no interest in the subversion of the Monarchy or in the accession to power of political Republicans. They found that they were themselves still compelled to live on their wages, and that they were expected to render obedience to the law. They consequently took advantage of civil commotions to assert their own claim to supremacy, and their associates would consistently adopt the same course if their respective countries were reduced to the condition of Spain. The contingency seems at present remote; but the doctrines of social revolution have made progress both in impunity of utterance and in their temporary embodiment in practice. The Commune of Paris, the unsuccessful rebellion of Alcoy, Malaga, Valencia, and Seville, and the defence of Carthage give the International Society an advantage in controversy analogous to the benefit which insurgents derive from a recognition of their existence as belligerents. The Congress of Geneva will probably agree with the Congress of the Hague in the proposition that the great object of the working classes ought to be the acquisition of political power; but the minuteness of sectarian jealousy is curiously illustrated by the hostility of the assembled Communists to the followers of GARIBALDI and MAZZINI. The Garibaldians are, according to the orators of the Congress, good for nothing but fighting, and as patriots they are not in sympathy with international propagandism. MAZZINI, who was in his lifetime denounced by GARIBALDI, has left to his disciples abundant warnings against the selfish and lawless doctrines of the Paris Commune and the Basle and Geneva demagogues. It would seem that among many newfangled projects of turning the world upside down, no two are compatible with one another or capable of mutual toleration.

As Ecclesiastical Councils have generally concerned themselves rather with discipline and with declarations of doctrine than with the conversion of the outside world, International Congresses appear to be almost exclusively occupied with questions which are oddly described as legal. The validity of the credentials of delegates, the regular or irregular constitution of sections, and other internal details are discussed with an interest which seems to strangers disproportionate to their importance. The chief results of the Congress at the Hague were the excommunication of BAKOUNINE and his supporters, the transfer of the head-quarters of the Association from London to New York, and the increase of the powers of the General Council. All these measures were intended to increase the influence of MARX, who has found in BAKOUNINE a formidable rival, while among the numerous agitators of all nations assembled in London he is exposed to inconvenient opposition. GUILLAUME, a principal member of the Bakouninist sect, although he was last year formally expelled from the International Society, reappears as one of the principal leaders of the Federalist faction at Geneva. The majority of the speakers complained of the usurpation of the General Council, not only on special grounds, but because authority of any kind was inconsistent with the principles of universal emancipation. As one of the orators forcibly observed, anarchy in all things was indispensable.

There is a pleasing consistency in the systematic re-

jection of voluntary obedience by professed advocates of social and political rebellion; but, unless all experience is at fault, conspiracies require, like other forms of combined activity, discipline and submission to recognized leaders. It is highly probable that the real movers of the agitation against the General Council only wish to substitute their own influence for that which MARX exercises through his little parliament at New York. The succession or flux of demagogues seems to be unaccountably rapid; and many of the original managers of the Association have become traitors in the estimation of their former followers. It is satisfactory to find that the English contingent becomes smaller and less powerful as the proceedings of the Association become more confused and chaotic. The discussions have on former occasions been held in the languages of the various speakers, with interpretations for the benefit of the rest. No other method of conducting business was consistent with the principles of an International Society; but there can be no doubt that the arrangement was in the highest degree dilatory and inconvenient. At the Hague the English delegates complained that some of the French and German speeches were not translated; and when the President explained that irrelevant declamation was better untranslated, the plainspoken Englishman replied that what was not worth translating was not worth saying. At the Federalist Congress in Geneva the discussion proceeded in French, and no better proof can be given of the decay of Internationalist doctrines in England. France, Spain, Italy, Germany, and Switzerland are regions better adapted than England to the propagation of promiscuous hostility to things in general.

The English founders of the Association had a definite and intelligible object, though they would probably have regarded with complacency social and political revolution. The leaders of the Trade Unions had begun to apprehend the tendency of a systematic increase of wages and rise of prices to discourage industry and trade; and although they were wholly untroubled by regard to the interest of the great community of consumers, they appreciated the risk of competition with themselves on the part of foreign producers. An international Trade Union might, it was thought, ensure the success of strikes by ultimately reducing all the capitalists of the world into common dependence on their workmen. When the supremacy of manual labour was once established, it would be time enough to apply the same machinery to the acquisition of exclusive political power, and to the transfer of property from the actual holders to the present receivers of wages. In a former generation the national vanity of Englishmen gratified itself by remarking that the worst of English princes had become the best of German sovereigns. A similar satisfaction may be derived from the proof that English Socialists and agitators understand their business better than the moonstruck adventurers with whom they sometimes ally themselves on the Continent. The ultimate abolition of wages may perhaps offer a seductive prospect, but an English Trade Union thinks it better in the meantime to screw up wages to the highest attainable point. America presents to the Internationalists a still more uncongenial soil than England. Some of the sections have in that free country devoted themselves to the assertion of the rights of women, to free love, and to other irrelevant or collateral doctrines; and an American delegate, whose credentials were rejected at the Hague, represented a section which favoured the election of the woman WOODHULL to the Presidency of the United States. As one of the speakers at the Hague acutely remarked, the native Americans belong essentially to the middle class, commonly known as "the base bourgeoisie." Instead of glorifying labour, they hand over hard work to the Irish, the negroes, or the Chinese, while they devote their own energies to easier and more profitable employments. There is not the smallest hope of persuading the Americans either to work by preference with their own hands or to abdicate the exercise of political power. The English working classes are numerous, powerful, and determined, but they are for the present chiefly bent on attaining economical results.

#### THE RAILWAY POINT OF VIEW.

THE railways are still killing people as fast as they can, and every week adds to the hecatomb of victims. The inquest on the Wigan accident has resulted in a verdict of accidental death, and a protest on the part of

the jury against the high rate of speed at which trains pass through the Wigan station. The precise origin of the accident is left in doubt, but the jury concurred with Captain TYLER in exonerating the pointsman. The meaning of the verdict would seem to be that the accident would either not have occurred, or would at least have been less disastrous, if the train had gone through Wigan station at a moderate pace. The tone of the evidence which was given by the officials of the London and North-Western Railway at this inquiry is hardly calculated to remove the apprehensions of travellers who may think of using this line. We are indebted to Mr. FINDLAY, the Assistant-Manager, for a very succinct and emphatic statement of what he calls "the railway point of view." Mr. FINDLAY is of opinion that the instruction to drivers to observe "great caution" in going through junctions does not imply any reduction of speed; that it is perfectly safe to go through Wigan Junction, which has been described as a shunting-yard, at a rate of fifty miles an hour; and that no improvement at all is wanted at Wigan. "I say this," he added, "speaking from a railway point of view"; and we know, or ought to know now, by melancholy experience, what that point of view is. In order to appreciate the spirit of this evidence, it is necessary to bear in mind the circumstances of the accident. There was, as the Coroner put it, a train "dangerously long," "heavily laden, and running over dangerous ground "at a fast rate." Yet the Assistant-Manager of the London and North-Western Railway maintains that there was no reason why a driver should slacken speed in going over this ground, and states that "even after this Wigan accident the Company has not thought it necessary to make any reduction in speed or any alteration in the "arrangements on the permanent way." On this point there is an apparent contradiction between the evidence of the Assistant-Manager and that of Mr. CAWKWELL, the Managing Director, who said that the Company had, since the accident, especially warned drivers to be cautious in passing through Wigan. Mr. FINDLAY, however, has explained that this really means nothing more than that drivers are to keep a look-out for signals, which, we should hope, they are bound to do, not only at Wigan, but at all stations. "Great caution," it seems, has nothing to do with speed; so that a cautious driver, dashing along over dangerous ground at fifty miles an hour, would only have the personal satisfaction, if he detected anything wrong, of knowing an instant or two before his unfortunate passengers that the train was going to inevitable smash. A train moving at that pace would of course be quite beyond immediate control. It would appear that railway managers have adopted the tenets of the Peculiar People, and do not feel at liberty to resort to merely human precautions in order to prevent passengers from being killed. Mr. FINDLAY admits that the great amount of shunting at Wigan must affect the permanent way. He admits that the incessant traffic demands greater precautions than usual, that the wear and tear is severe, and that it is "a self-evident fact" that danger increases with the rate of speed. Yet after these admissions, and after the evidence which has been given as to the state of this station, he does not hesitate to assert that the accident "does not point to a single thing which has not been done on the part of the Company which could give additional safety to passengers." It is obvious that the enlargement of a station which is admitted to be too small for the traffic, the reduction of speed over notoriously dangerous ground, and the keeping of the points and permanent way in careful repair, would have given additional safety to passengers.

The circumstances of the Wigan and other recent accidents illustrate clearly enough the "railway point of view." It is assumed that the working of Wigan Junction is quite safe because serious accidents are not constantly occurring there. It is known, however, that other accidents besides this very bad one have occurred at Wigan—indeed a second train went off the rails at the very same points within an hour or so of the disaster of the 2nd of August; and if people have not been killed on each of these occasions, that is really only an accident, in the true sense of the word. Within the last four weeks there have been five or six accidents on different lines, all of the same kind as the Wigan one—that is, the parting of a train at points. On Thursday an accident of this kind occurred on the London and North-Western at Watford. Nobody was killed, for the train was not going very fast. If it had been running at fifty miles an hour, which Mr. FINDLAY thinks is com-

patible with "great caution," there would probably have been another terrible accident. In the case of the Retford accident a verdict of manslaughter has been returned against the engine-driver; but here again we have a striking example of the recklessness which pervades the railway point of view. A level crossing is always fertile of accidents, and it is calculated that at Retford 933 trains run through the station every week, involving not less than 466 risks of collision to be averted by signals. And how are the signals set? When the crossing is not clear, the station signal is simply put at caution, while the distance signal intimates all right—at least this was so before the recent collision. In point of fact, all that the Companies aim at is not safety, but merely the chance of safety. We are assured that the London and North-Western is conducted "regardless of cost," but in reality almost all the accidents which occur are due to the desire to keep down expenses as well as to avoid trouble. Main lines are turned into goods-yards, simply because the Companies will not enlarge their stations and lay down additional lines of rail as traffic increases.

It appears that the observations which Board of Trade Inspectors and public writers feel bound to make on the accidents which are constantly occurring are not received with gratitude by railway managers. It is certainly sad work having to repeat week by week the same miserable story of disaster and destruction, and for our own part we should be glad to be relieved from it. We can only reply, however, as a French writer replied to the proposal to abolish capital punishment for murder, "Que messieurs les assassins commencent." It will be time enough to leave off protesting against the homicidal management of railways when the daily slaughter ceases. For the present it is so far from ceasing that it has not even slackened. Railway accidents are as unfailing as births, deaths, and marriages. "Another dreadful railway accident" is a standing heading in the newspapers, and reappears with shocking regularity. Last week we reckoned up the catastrophes of the previous month. In August there were three or four a week; in September there is one at least a day. On Saturday a carriage took fire on the Glasgow and Helensburgh Railway; before the train could be stopped, the passengers had to scramble out of the windows to escape being roasted, and several of them were badly hurt. On Sunday there was a momentary lull, but on Monday the work of destruction was briskly renewed. At Tamworth, the Rugby express swooped down unexpectedly on the people who were crossing from one line to another, killing a girl. "Hopes," we are told, "are entertained that this accident will induce the Railway Company to erect a foot-bridge for passengers"; but Mr. FINDLAY will no doubt be ready to prove at Tamworth, as at Wigan, that there is not a single thing which has not been done by his Company to give additional safety to passengers, and that the arrangements are simply perfect. On Tuesday three people were killed and a number injured on the South-Western, near Guildford, by a bullock getting on the line and upsetting a train. It appears that either the gate by which the bullock entered was open, or it was so low that the animal could jump over it. Bullocks are not great jumpers, and a fence that a bullock can jump is obviously inadequate. There has been a similar accident on the Somerset and Dorset Railway, but without fatal results. On Tuesday again two centre carriages of a long train jumped off the metals at Cannon Street, and, breaking away from their couplings, fell over on their sides. Happily it was a train of "empties." On Wednesday there were two more accidents, one of them, as usual, on the London and North-Western. At Watford part of a train went on one line and part on another; but fortunately the pace was moderate, and this time nobody was killed. If the driver had been going at the "great caution" speed of fifty miles an hour the result would of course have been very different. On the Great Northern an express came into collision with a train of "empties" at Wakefield; but, by luck, without fatal consequences. On Thursday there was a collision on the Great Eastern. It is important to observe that accidents are mainly due to a steady repetition of the same causes. During the last few weeks there has been a succession of accidents from facing-points, erratic goods trains and trains of "empties," and cattle on the line. In a majority of cases also the disaster might either have been prevented or its results mitigated if there had been adequate brake-power.

There is no reason to expect that any amount of re-



monstrance with the Companies will have the slightest effect in inducing them to take more care of travellers. They have apparently settled down to the fatalistic conviction that railways are possible only on condition that so many lives shall be sacrificed every year as they used to be to the dragons of old, and that the public must make up its mind to accept this condition. There is only one way of touching the Companies, and that must be left to the juries who will have to deal with the claims for damages. There has just been a long and exhaustive inquiry into the Wigan accident, but a series of costly and troublesome suits will probably have to be undertaken by the sufferers in order to recover compensation. The Railway Companies are armed with all sorts of summary penalties against passengers, and it is only fair that passengers should have similar facilities for prosecuting their claims against the Companies. There is no other method of checking the criminal recklessness and perversity of railway managers. In a less patient and orderly society, one or two of them would perhaps be lynched.

#### THE WORK OF EDUCATION.

IT is satisfactory to know that the efforts of the Education League to check the progress of education are only in part successful. They avail to confine the attention of Parliament and the newspapers to the question what schools children shall attend; but they have not diverted the time and thoughts of the Education Department from the less exciting, but more important, considerations how children are to be got to attend any school, and what they are to learn when they are there. As usual there is much interesting matter bearing on these points in the Reports of the Inspectors which appear in the annual blue-book. Upon the question how children are to be brought to school these Reports show a remarkable agreement of opinion. All or nearly all the Inspectors concur in saying that, without compulsion of some kind, attendance at school will never become either universal or regular. The children who do not go to school at all, the children who begin to go too late, the children who are taken away too soon, the children who rarely attend for three consecutive days, form in the aggregate a very large part of the population between the years which the Education Act has prescribed as the limits of school age, and not one of these classes can be effectively reached without compulsion. It is sometimes objected that compulsion must at the best be an imperfect agent, and that the true way of getting children to school is to bring their parents to see the value of education. But the value of education can only be judged by results, and without compulsion these results cannot be exhibited on an adequate scale. Popular education, as one of the Inspectors very truly says, "has not had a fair chance with the mass of scholars. No teacher or system in the world could produce any satisfactory effect upon a pupil who came to school at ten or eleven, with 'his mind blank, and left at thirteen.'" Yet this is one frequent form of irregular attendance. And even if children come early to school and stay late, much of the advantage may be lost by their frequent absence. "Eight or nine months of good teaching work," says an Inspector, "is often entirely neutralized by two or three months wantonly spent almost in infancy over 'field-work'; or, which is worse and more common, field 'dawdling.'"

As might have been expected, there is some difference of opinion among the Inspectors as to whether compulsion should be direct or indirect, and, if direct, by whom it should be exercised. Mr. BOWSTEAD remarks that if every family were industrious and every child brought up to earn its livelihood by honest labour, indirect compulsion might be sufficient. But what, he asks, would indirect compulsion do for that immense number of children in large towns who have no settled occupation, and who, if left without education, are destined to be vagabonds? On the other hand, Mr. KENNEY is so impressed with the difficulties attendant upon direct compulsion, especially as applied to parents of the vagrant, or at all events migratory, class, that he inclines to believe that the most effectual plan for securing a certain amount of education for every child is to make the proved possession of that amount an indispensable condition of every kind of employment. The true way of reconciling these two views may perhaps be to

give effect to them both. In a great number of cases it is probable that compulsion will be found most effective when it is brought to bear on the parent through the employer. But Parliament cannot consistently make the employer do a parent's duty and at the same time allow the parent to neglect his own duty. It is perfectly fair to say to the employer, Every man is bound by law to give his child a certain minimum of education, and you must not, by offering the child wages before he has received this minimum, tempt the parent to forego his duty. Explained in this way, indirect compulsion is entirely reasonable. But if a man is not bound by law to give his child a certain minimum of education, why should the employer be used to make him do, not his duty, but what the law would like to make his duty if it had the courage? At present, it seems, indirect compulsion is in many cases little better than a farce, owing to the want of any proper method of determining a child's age. The Factory Inspector is told that the child is old enough to work full time, but though he may strongly suspect that the statement is false, he has seldom the means of proving it to be so. As the birth of every child is registered, all that is needed to correct this evil is to make a copy of the registrar's certificate the only legal evidence of a child's age. Another evil arises directly out of the half-time system. Parents often argue that, as their children must go to school from eight to eleven as half-timers, it is not worth while sending them earlier. This might be prevented by requiring, as a condition of a child's being employed as a half-timer, a schoolmaster's certificate that he had passed in a prescribed standard. The most careless parent would then be anxious to send his child to school early, because he would know that he could not draw any wages on his account until a certain degree of proficiency had been attained. Further than this, to be really effective, indirect compulsion must be made much more searching than it now is. The life of indirect compulsion is vigilant inspection. So long as they can do it without fear of detection, there will be parents who will send their children to work and employers who will give them work. The only means of checking this is to order the Inspectors to pay unexpected visits to every factory, shop, or field within their district, and to constitute them public prosecutors in every case where the employer is unable to produce an authentic copy of the registrar's certificate of the age of any child whom the Inspector suspects to be too young to be away from school. If it is objected that this would require a very large staff of Inspectors, and would consequently be a very costly process, the answer is that compulsory education, whatever form it takes, must in its early stages be a costly process. The employment of very young children is a most short-sighted economy, but it is an economy for the time being, and it cannot be put an end to without a considerable increase of expense for the time being.

Under the Act of 1870 no School Board need enforce attendance at school unless it wishes to do so, and a Board which does wish to do so is a very proper machine for the purpose. But it is very doubtful whether, when compulsion becomes universal instead of permissive, School Boards will be the right authorities to carry it out. Mr. KENNEY, who has been employed as Inspector of Returns in Gloucestershire, makes some pertinent observations on this head. In agricultural districts, he says, "the desire for exercising compulsion is, as a rule, confined to three persons—the squire, the clergyman, and the schoolmaster. . . . If the other members of each small community were canvassed, they would at once vote against compulsion." In a parish of this type it is quite possible that all the members of the School Board might be obstructives, and a compulsory law worked by men whose interests and prejudices were alike opposed to it would run great risk of becoming a dead letter. If the Board had merely to manage the school, it is probable that the farmers would stay away and leave those really interested in education to do the work; but when one chief function of a School Board would be to remove from farm labour the children who are now extensively employed in it, it is more likely that the farmers would attend for the express purpose of making compulsion as ineffective as possible. The action of the Education League again has made it more difficult than it once would have been to set up School Boards all over the country. Mr. DIXON has so persistently mixed them up with the repeal of the 25th Clause and the suppression of voluntary schools, that many of the clergy who would formerly have been inclined to welcome

them as auxiliaries would now look upon them as rivals. What is wanted is an authority which will enforce attendance at some efficient school, and nothing more. A School Board, even if it were not open to the objection mentioned above, would usually wish to do more. In one of the Reports a case is mentioned in which an active and useful member of a School Board has resigned because the Board has built no schools of its own. To be content with filling other peoples' schools implies an amount of self-denial which is not often found in combination with zeal. Therefore, if compulsion is to become universal, it will be expedient, if not necessary, to devise some new agency for applying it. Probably to do this would not be beyond the capacity of the Education Department; indeed we should not be surprised if some scheme of the kind were even now hidden away in one of Mr. FORSTER'S pigeon-holes.

The testimony of almost all the Inspectors goes to show that, in spite of the Revised Code, intelligent reading is still a rare accomplishment in elementary schools. How important an accomplishment it is needs no argument to show. It is hardly too much to say that if a child leaves school thoroughly able to read, and understand what he reads, he has realized nine-tenths of the total benefits which school life has to give him. The bad reading so generally complained of by the Inspectors is in part due to inefficient teaching. Children learn to read off the words of their lesson with tolerable accuracy, but they are often allowed to do this in an unintelligent monotone which it is impossible to listen to without feeling that the child's mind does not go along with his voice, and that for any pleasure or profit he is deriving from the exercise he might as well be reading a foreign language. The teachers too often regard the reading lessons simply as vehicles of so many hard words, and if the child is able to pronounce these, the school standard is satisfied. Nothing more can be required for a pass at the Inspector's examination, "and the great stimulus of teaching, the money payment, is therefore absent." Really good reading cannot be attained without a clear understanding of what is being read. If, therefore, good reading—reading, that is, in which the meaning of the whole passage, as well as of the individual words, is conveyed to the listener—were required of every child presented in the higher standards, the teacher would be forced to pay more attention to this part of his work. Another cause of bad reading is want of interest in the lesson books. If reading is to be anything more than a mechanical process, the lesson must be calculated to exercise the reader's mind as well as his voice; and for this purpose it is necessary that the books should be amusing in themselves, and should be changed with some degree of frequency. Judiciously treated, what are now known as extra subjects might be made the means of encouraging reading. Or the more exciting chapters of a good story-book, prefaced by a little explanation and linked together by an abridged narrative, might be even more useful. Little will be effected, however, in this direction until the Education Department has a greater control than it now possesses over the books used in elementary schools. There may be objections to a series of authorised lesson-books, but the department ought certainly to have the power of excluding books which are obviously inadequate to the requirements of a good school, and of insisting that books of a certain order of merit shall always be included in the school list.

#### REVELLING IN HORRORS.

THE *Daily Telegraph* is a paper to which, as we need hardly say, we owe an almost boundless debt of gratitude for the many admirable gems of literature which it scatters with so profuse a hand. A little book has been lately published called *Wit and Wisdom of George Eliot*, containing a collection of the more brilliant sayings dispersed throughout the pages of our great novelist. Whether it is quite fair to treat a living author in this way is perhaps a rather doubtful question. The "beauties" extracted from any great literary artist are cruelly injured by being deprived of their setting. The objection, however, would not apply in the case of a newspaper, where the matrix in which the precious stones are imbedded is necessarily of a temporary character, and when it is consequently to be feared that the valuable fragments are too often left to decay along with the masses of rubbish—of course we only use the word comparatively—in which they are found. A work called the "*Wit and Wisdom of the Daily Telegraph*" might undoubtedly make an admirable compilation. Few remarkable events fail to serve as the pretext for some judi-

cious moral being appended to them in the pages of our contemporary. Here, for example, is an incidental remark, applied, it is true, only to a particular case, but obviously susceptible of being raised into a general principle. The *Telegraph* had been giving with the utmost accuracy an account of the pleasing discovery of various fragments of a human body in different parts of the Thames. When it had got some way into the narrative, it apparently reflected that some of its readers might doubt whether there was sufficient cause for calling attention to such facts by means of a leading article. Any such feeble protests are therefore summarily refuted in the following words:—"These details are all ineffably sickening; but, in view of the devilish wickedness which has been perpetrated, it would be an act of unjustifiable squeamishness to hush up one circumstance of horror." Having thus relieved its conscience, the *Telegraph* proceeds conscientiously to set before us all the other "circumstances of horror" which may possibly turn the stomach of its readers. There are readers who enjoy that process; the circumstances of horror will afford an appetizing meal for thousands of persons of robust appetite who are as superior to "unjustifiable squeamishness" as the *Daily Telegraph* itself; they will revel in all the "ineffably sickening details" with a delight the less unequivocal because they have it on such high authority that they are somehow or other discharging a duty to society. For our own part, we have about us sufficient relics of the old man to be unwilling to pry into these extremely nasty facts, and we shall dismiss the subject from further consideration with the simple expression of a hope that the person who has committed the crime may be brought to justice, and that his trial and punishment may be got through as quickly and quietly as possible.

Meanwhile, however, we feel it a duty to meditate a little upon the great moral truth which is shadowed forth in the words we have quoted. The *Telegraph* throws off these axioms in so careless and offhand a fashion that perhaps it is scarcely conscious of the full bearing of its own remarks. The facts are unimpeachable; it is an act of devilish wickedness to cut up a woman and throw her into the Thames; though we venture to think that the wickedness consists rather in the preliminary murder than in the subsequent mutilations. However, the ineffably sickening details seem to prove that the murderer belonged to the more brutal type of a brutal class; and we infer from the *Telegraph's* comment that, when a murder has been committed, of which the attendant circumstances are of a kind at which the gorge rises, it would be unjustifiably squeamish to hide a single detail. Of course this remark involves an obvious truism. The details of any crime, sickening or not, must of necessity be published sufficiently to further the ends of justice. The facts should be known widely enough to give every chance of catching the criminal. Nobody will dispute this doctrine, and, unluckily or otherwise, there is no doubt that it will be acted upon. To-morrow morning the placards of every Sunday newspaper will give warning to their readers that a dish of unusually racy flavour has been served up for consumption; and many thousands of people throughout the country will be studying the ineffably sickening details as a pleasant occupation for the day of rest. Long before that time, all the police and everybody who has missed a relation (the number of such persons seems to be considerable), and everybody who loves excitement and is tired of the Tichborne case, will know all the details by heart. So far as justice can be helped by profuse advertising, the thing is done as well as electricity and the printing-machine can do it; and it would be an insult to the penetration of the *Telegraph* to suppose that this single purpose of publicity was all that was in its mind when it uttered the aphorism we are considering. The doctrine is plainly that a crime of unusually sickening character ought to be carefully studied by as many persons as possible. It would be unjustifiable squeamishness to refuse the services of the largest circulation in the world in spreading a knowledge of the most disgusting details to every household in the land. There is, we should imagine, some limitation to this sweeping principle; for there are crimes, equally disgusting if not equally atrocious, upon which it is not considered so desirable to confer this excessive publicity. But hideous murders, it appears, afford a healthy sustenance to the general thirst for knowledge. The *Telegraph* reminds us of the celebrated heroes Greenacre and Good, who thirty or forty years ago afforded a precedent for the present performance; their murders, indeed, were so much in the same style that De Quincey would probably have founded upon the resemblance a distinct charge of plagiarism. That the works of art of such great men should be held up for general admiration, instead of being allowed to perish in the night of oblivion which has hid so many performers of a time anterior to the daily press, is undoubtedly a plausible theorem. And yet we must venture to subject it to a little criticism, pointing out rather the limitations by which it must be bound than its entire fallacy.

That human beings, as at present constituted, and as they are likely to be constituted for some time to come, will take an interest in horrible murders from the point of view which De Quincey has made his own, is an undeniable fact; and we may even admit that such a tendency is not altogether so bad a thing as some purists would perhaps maintain. Philosophers have frequently remarked upon the inconsistency which leads us to take more interest in trifles at our own doors than in tremendous catastrophes at a greater distance. Is it not, such reasoners may



ask, a degrading fact in human nature that ninety-nine men out of a hundred should be far more interested in the details of some crime committed within the metropolitan district than in the convulsions which are upheaving a whole nation a few hours distant by railway? The great mass of Englishmen will be far more curious as to the details of the last murder than as to the progress of that dark tragedy which is being acted before our eyes in Spain; though to the philosopher one is an insignificant trifle, the other a matter in which all lovers of their race should be vitally interested. Upon which it may be observed that, in the first place, it is highly desirable that people should be most deeply interested in what passes at their own doors. As in perspective a cottage close at hand is greater than a distant mountain, so the death of a neighbour looms much larger than the death of millions in China or of thousands in a European war. That the emotion should be stronger is not only natural but desirable; because we can produce a much greater influence in one case than the other. The crisis in Spain may be intrinsically of more importance than the murder in London; but then most of us cannot affect the result of the Spanish war one way or the other, whereas we can produce a certain influence upon English crime and police. But, looking at the matter without reference to ulterior results, and simply as an artistic question, there is still something to be said for the popular interest in murders. Such crimes are generally commonplace as well as hideous enough; but every now and then they have a certain dramatic element in which it would be mere affectation to repudiate all interest. The history of a murder is sometimes a vivid embodiment of human passion and suffering which may affect us as much as a tragedy on the stage. The philosopher may occasionally profess to care only for general results and not for particular illustrations; but, as a matter of fact, people of ordinary imaginative power will be justifiably interested in any event which strikingly illustrates even the bad side of human nature. And therefore, if we would be strictly just, we must admit that there is an element of justifiable sentiment even in the anxiety with which the lower order of readers study the horrors of police reports. That there is in it a great deal which is demoralizing and disgusting is undeniable, as we shall immediately remark; but to say that the vulgar ought to take absolutely no interest in the tragedies of real life is to say that they ought to be one degree more stupid than they actually are.

Where, then, are we to draw the line? Admitting that the columns which a newspaper devotes to shocking murders do not pander exclusively to a barbarizing taste, how can we say where the legitimate interest ends and the illegitimate begins? Much the same question is often asked about novels. What is mere sensationalism, and what is a legitimate element of tragedy? If I, says the novelist, may not deal with bigamy or murder, how do you defend Shakspeare's *Hamlet*, or Richardson's *Clarissa Harlowe*, or Scott's *Bride of Lammermoor*? The general answer is that a great artist deals with strong situations in order that he may give a worthy delineation of powerful passions, and produce a result ennobling on the whole, though particular details may be horrible. He uses the horrible incidentally; whilst you make it the staple of your work. He deals in death and suffering to give a fitting occasion for the expression of his deepest thoughts and loftiest visions; you use them in order to dispense yourself from the necessity of thinking or imagining at all. A great artist may paint martyrdoms and crucifixions for the sake of the elevating emotions which can be stimulated by such scenes; a bad artist paints them to have an excuse for sickening representations of blood and torture. The same distinction is applicable to the case of real crimes. A benevolent and intelligent observer may be interested in the display of human character, even when its manifestations are of a horrible kind. But there is unluckily a much more common tendency to take a morbid delight in sickening details, simply because they are sickening. Psychologists may inquire, if they please, how it comes to pass that objects which turn a healthy stomach are absolutely delightful to a depraved imagination. Whatever the explanation, the fact is undoubted. There is a hideous condition of the human mind in which it takes a kind of sensual pleasure in images of simple horror and cruelty. There are sights and stories which give a kind of shock to a sensitive mind from which it can only recover by slow degrees, but which become actually agreeable in certain conditions of disease. That this should be so is a saddening fact; but nobody can doubt its reality who has observed the way in which a kind of voluptuous cruelty becomes a permanent taste in some brutal natures. That any one who helps to stimulate such emotions is really poisoning the minds of those whose tastes he excites needs no demonstration. Whether an account of a particular murder is or is not liable to this condemnation is of course a question of fact. The story may, in some cases, be told in a harmless fashion, so as to excite rather a becoming sympathy for suffering than a delight in what ought to be repulsive. The most obvious test for discriminating the two cases is given by deciding whether sickening details are brought forward into unnecessary prominence, or given only so far as is absolutely necessary to make the story intelligible. We may ask, for example, whether the recent horror is described so as to pollute the imagination by encouraging readers to gloat over the condition in which different bits of a body turn up at different places, or so as simply to give sufficient indications of the nature of the crime. We shall not endeavour to apply that test to any particular crime; but we merely suggest to the *Telegraph* that, whilst it is applying a sound

principle, announced perhaps in rather too unqualified terms, it should be cautious not to transgress by accident a rule to which we have no doubt it would give its hearty assent.

#### EDINBURGH.

EDINBURGH occupies a peculiar position among the cities of the United Kingdom. It has no obvious trade, no manufactures, no active commercial life of any kind, and yet it is clearly a growing and flourishing city. A visitor can hardly fail to be struck by the contrast between this apparent absence of anything like business and the signs of general prosperity. Coming from the rush of London or Manchester or Glasgow, the leisureliness of Edinburgh falls upon one at first almost with a shock. The whole place seems steeped in an atmosphere of dozy quiet. Nobody is in a hurry; there is no bustle of traffic. On the open space in front of the Register Office there is at any hour of the day a crowd of men gazing vacantly, with their hands in their pockets. On Saturday afternoons or holidays all the open spaces are similarly filled. The men do not seem to have anything to say to each other; they merely look about blankly, and keep their hands in their pockets. Nowhere is the dignity of labour sustained with less expenditure of physical effort. Even the forenoon in Edinburgh has something of afternoon sleepiness about it. The people who are out walking or driving look as if they were out merely for a constitutional, and as if it did not much matter which way they went. Anybody who suffers from the irritations of a busy town could hardly do better than go to Edinburgh, and be soothed by its elegant repose. It would appear that there is never anything going on there so important that it cannot be broken off for an afternoon at golf or a few days' shooting or fishing. Yet the city evidently thrives on this lazy life. Away from the filth and squalor of the High Street and the closes of the Canongate, which are still disgraceful enough, though not quite so bad as they used to be, you see everywhere signs of ease, comfort, and modest luxury. If there is no palatial West-End, no imposing aristocratic quarter, there is undoubtedly a high standard of middle-class comfort. There is no better test of the ordinary conditions of domestic existence than the style of the houses in which people live, and in Edinburgh people are probably better housed in proportion to their incomes than in almost any other town in the country. This is not because rents are low, for, on the whole, they are higher than in London; but because importance is attached to having a good house, and people are willing to pay for it. In point of fact, very few middle-class people in Edinburgh pay rent; the rule is to own the houses they live in. It will readily be understood that this is an important element in domestic comfort and dignity. A man naturally takes more pride in a house that belongs to him than in one where he is only a temporary lodger, and he is more disposed to improve and beautify it. Old Edinburgh struggled hard to avoid the necessity of descending from the craggy ridge that runs from the Castle to Holyrood, and houses rose in height—there being no margin for breadth—till they threatened to topple over. At last the town spread on either side, and particularly to the north, fronting the Frith of Forth. The present generation would seem, however, to be less hardy than its predecessor; for, shunning exposure to the east wind, it is seeking shelter in the west and south; and the extension of Edinburgh is now chiefly towards Corstorphine and the Pentlands. The new town which in the last few years has sprung up in the south is particularly characteristic of the liberal conditions of middle-class life. It is composed of handsome villas, some in Italian, but most in the Scotch baronial style, standing in their own grounds and embowered in foliage. The rooms are large and lofty, and there are few gardens without a lawn for bowls or croquet. It must not be supposed that these are establishments with any aspirations to social grandeur or kept up by wealthy people. They are all distinctly middle-class households, accustomed to a simple, unostentatious, and, in the true sense of the word, essentially homely, life, and thinking more of comfort than display.

Edinburgh is of course still nominally the capital of Scotland, but during the last half-century it has been gradually abandoning the pretensions of a capital. The memories of the Scottish Court are buried in damp and mouldy Holyrood, and the Scottish aristocracy have long ago abandoned their houses in Edinburgh. In the beginning of the century Edinburgh had still many of the qualities of a capital. It was the seat of government, the central meeting-place of important families from all parts of the country, and the head-quarters of intellectual activity and eminence. Boswell asked Johnson how it was that Scotch lords and lairds all knew each other so well, though their estates were often far distant; and Johnson at once replied that it was because they were in the habit of seeing each other every year in Edinburgh. But nowadays Edinburgh has lost altogether its character as a capital. Scotland is governed from Whitehall, and only parish business is transacted in Edinburgh. The great families have their houses in London, and simply pass a night or two in an hotel in Edinburgh on their way to the moors; and as regards intellectual distinction, almost the last blaze of the expiring flame was seen in the men who were associated with the early days of the *Edinburgh Review* and *Blackwood*. Edinburgh still maintains its reputation as a medical school; but the University, as one

of its ablest Professors has complained, has degenerated into a mechanical teaching machine. From letters both the City and the University are now to a great extent divorced, and the same may be said of the Bar. One by one, with the exception of *Blackwood*, which creditably maintains its literary reputation, the publications which are associated with Edinburgh have either expired or have been removed to London; and advocates have long since deserted the muses and are content to emulate writers and solicitors in their jog-trot devotion to petty technical practice. Scottish art has taken flight southwards. An artist has no sooner made his mark on the walls of the Edinburgh Exhibition than he looks out for a studio at Kensington or St. John's Wood. With its courtly and intellectual glories the social splendour of the Scottish capital has also fled. It is still in its way one of the most sociable and genial of cities, but society, as it was understood in the days of Jeffrey and Cockburn, has altogether vanished. Lord Murray was the last to preserve even a flavour of its traditions. There is no house left to which men of distinction in various careers would naturally be attracted, even if its doors were open to receive them.

In short, Edinburgh has been gradually sinking from a first to a second-rate city. The magnetic force of London has been too strong for it; but it cannot be said that its material interests have suffered by the change. In proportion as it has ceased to be distinguished it has become prosperous. The two things, indeed, have had a close connexion. Towards the end of the last century there was still a sharp demarcation between England and Scotland, though it was already beginning to be smoothed away; and all that made up the vigour, activity, and keenness of Scottish character was to be found in a concentrated form in what was the genuine capital of the country. It was the lake that gathered all the streams, and there was practically no outlet beyond. The character of the people had then a strongly marked individuality. The language also had a national stamp. Rich, racy, broad Scotch was spoken by all classes; and society was not afraid to adhere to manners and traditions of its own. But within such narrow limits there was not much scope for material advancement. Edinburgh was a poor capital, and life had perforce to be simple and inexpensive. In 1763 a coach went once a month to London, spending a fortnight on the way. Twenty years later there were fifteen stage-coaches on the road, and the journey was then accomplished in three or four days. Edinburgh is now only an eight hours' journey from London; and it is the development of means of communication between the two countries which has robbed the former city of its distinction. The old dam, as it were, has been removed, and there is open way beyond for native capacity and ambition. But, on the other hand, this outlet has also been an inlet. Edinburgh has become a convenient centre for families who have no strong ties elsewhere, and who wish to live in an agreeable and picturesque city, away from the smoke and bustle of trade, within easy reach of the sea-side and the country, and in the midst of cultivated and not too expensive society. Scotchmen who have been making their fortunes in all parts of the world flock back by instinct to Edinburgh. Their own native places are probably too small and narrow for continued residence; and nobody would go near Glasgow except for the sake of making money. There is always a large settlement of retired Anglo-Indians in Edinburgh; and there is also a considerable English colony attracted by the schools and the University, and the economical advantages of the place. Altogether the population consists in a much larger degree than that of any other town in the kingdom of persons of independent means and no occupation. And this is really the reason why Edinburgh is at once so leisurely and so thriving.

It is the peculiarity of Edinburgh that, in losing its imperial position, its aristocratic and intellectual superiority, it has maintained throughout its population an unusually high level of culture and refinement. There is probably a larger body of well-educated, well-to-do, cultivated people there than anywhere else. It is, in fact, essentially a middle-class city; but it is *bourgeois* in a respectable sense. There is a breadth, and freedom, and dignified comfort about the average life of the inhabitants which, in conjunction with professional influences, imparts a high tone to the society. It is the middle classes who supply the place of an aristocracy; the standard of wealth is moderate, and there is less of that miserable and demoralizing rivalry in ostentation and expenditure which is to be found in London and the larger English towns. Professional incomes in Edinburgh are comparatively small. A successful doctor or advocate thinks himself very well off with a couple of thousand a year, and five thousand is an exceptional stroke of fortune to which only a very few can hope to attain. The professors are also limited to a modest competence. The shopkeepers still call themselves merchants, in the French fashion, but there are no merchant princes. All this helps to keep down the scale of expenditure. Rental is rather dearer than in London, and the general cost of food and other necessities is at least as high—that is, taking each item separately. The economy consists in the plainer style of life. A man with two or three thousand a year who would be an utter nobody in London, over-shadowed by great names and vast fortunes, is able to cut a good figure in Edinburgh, without committing any extravagance. The city is not very large, and people walk more than they drive; when they drive, they can

do so in cheap and excellent cabs which are as good as broughams. Dinner parties and other social gatherings are more frequent, but less showy and costly than in London. One of the reasons why houses are better is that people spend the greater part of their lives in their own or neighbours' homes, and society is really homely. Respectable persons seldom go to the theatre, and, except an occasional lecture or concert, there are no other public amusements. Consequently people are obliged to depend on their own resources for relaxation and entertainment. There are private bowling- greens to which the men resort as much for gossip as exercise, while the women have croquet and tea-parties. Hospitality is abundant, but on a simple and unpretending scale; visits are paid without formality, and parties are often improvised. There are a great many idle people in the city; the yoke of professional and commercial pursuits sits lightly on the rest; and there is plenty of leisure both for sport and intellectual studies. Any one who has lived in a little German capital will understand the sort of life which is here passed on a larger scale. Taken altogether, we should say that Edinburgh comes pretty near to fulfilling Bentham's principle of the greatest happiness of the greatest number. It presents at least a very high order of middle-class society.

The inhabitants of Edinburgh are probably most of them Scotch by birth, but they are by no means conspicuously Scotch in manners, speech, or other external characteristics. Glasgow is much more intensely national, and, we may add, parochial. It is from the Western city that the protests against the use of Englishman for Great Briton, and against other insults to the thistle have usually proceeded. In this respect Edinburgh has vindicated its imperial character by its greater breadth of view. It is cosmopolitan in its interests and sympathies. The local newspapers, for example, will be found to be full of general news sent down from London. They contain comparatively little about Scotland, and scarcely anything about Edinburgh, though, to be sure, it is not perhaps very often that anything happens there. Although Edinburgh is still nominally the capital of Scotland, it has lost its distinctive nationality, as well as its old-fashioned local character, and may almost be numbered among English cities. Nothing gives individuality to a place so much as a common commercial interest. It is wonderful how people hang together when they all depend on iron or cotton, or some other staple industry. But Edinburgh is destitute of interests of this kind. It has no great works in which all classes are concerned; and in fact it is not engaged in collective work or action of any kind. The only bond between the inhabitants is that they happen to live in the same town, and are anxious to lead a quiet and comfortable life; and this is probably the cause of its political weakness. The direction of local affairs has fallen into the hands of vulgar agitators. The gilded lamp-post at the baillie's door is shunned, rather than coveted, by all who value their self-respect; and the Provostship has lately more than once gone a-begging. Macaulay, we fear, would have little pride in the political condition of the city he once represented. On the whole, it would perhaps not be unfair to describe Edinburgh as the paradise of humdrum ease and intelligent gentility.

#### SCHOOLBOYS' POCKET-MONEY.

THE early days of the Recess present the weary Education question to the mind of the average middle-class and middle-aged householder in a very distinct form. During the Session he has been more or less interested in the problem of the education of other people's children, and has maintained either the superiority of voluntary effort, or the principle of an education which shall be rate-supported, compulsory, and free. He has grumbled about the pressure of rates more for the sake of grumbling than from any personal consciousness of this pressure, unless he chance to be a landowner, a country rector, or a professional man in an inland town which has just resolved upon a system of drainage and water supply. But with the Recess comes a view of the educational difficulty which gives him something worth grumbling about. He has to face the practical question of providing for the education of his own children. They have all come home for the holidays; and after a few days of grace charitably allowed for the enjoyment of the family reunion, they are followed home by the school bills. No resource is to be looked for here either in denominational energies or in public rates; and the supporters alike of the Birmingham League and of the National Society find themselves bound to an educational system which is socially "compulsory" certainly, but very far from "free." Nor is there much consolation to be derived from the vague hope that "things may take a turn." The tendency of the day is to increase expenditure everywhere; and in the rivalry between one wealthy class with a position to make and another with a position to keep up, it is scarcely to be wondered at if prices in the educational market, as in the markets for more tangible commodities, show signs of a steady rise. And the summer school bills bring with them a burden peculiarly their own. At Christmas bills of all sorts are in season, like coal fires. The back is prepared for the load, and as few men have cared to calculate the amount of their domestic liabilities, an extra fifty or hundred pounds is all in the day's work. At Easter there is nothing particular to spend, and the school bills are possibly lightened by a tradition of the old times of "half-years," which postpones the bill for the spring term, to fall with heavier



weight in August, when Midsummer payments have exhausted the domestic exchequer, and there is the seaside or the Continent to provide for, which means inexorable ready money and no "tick." The screw is turned so severely at these times that it is no wonder if the victim cries out, or if he vents his indignation on the first thing or person which occurs to him in connexion with the terminal account, and is somewhat savage about the claim for "subscriptions." He pays the bill; and when the holidays are ended, and November has brought the football season well in, he will boil over with righteous wrath because a School Twenty "cap" has not been conferred on his boy, who "was worth half-a-dozen of the fellow that has got it instead."

As the holidays draw towards their close, a minor, and yet in its way a serious, difficulty presents itself for solution. Over and above the school bills and travelling expenses the educational estimates must include a certain percentage in the shape of pocket-money, and the fitting amount of this tax has recently come to the front as matter of common interest. The Head-Master of Haileybury, Mr. Bradby, issued in the course of last term a circular addressed to the parents of the boys, in which he gave his own opinion in the straightforward and sensible way which marks everything that he says or writes; and this circular has become in a measure public through the criticism of some of our contemporaries. His view, translated into the vernacular, appears to be that "it does fellows no good to bring so much tin with them; it mostly goes in grub, and fellows have an awful lot too much grub already sent them in hampers from home." The hamper question is beyond the limits of the present article; but Mr. Bradby's suggestion about pocket-money comes to much the same thing as the old Homeric maxim, very happily quoted some years ago by a writer in *Punch*:—

Οὐκ ἀγαθὸν πολυκαρπινῇ εἰς κοίρανος ἔστω.

He too recommends the "one sovereign" as more desirable than "the many," but not taking note of fractions, he would admit a liberal margin up to some thirty shillings. If it were possible to lay down a strict rule on this subject, and to find means of enforcing it, a real and pinching hardship might be removed from the present experience of many schoolboys, and might be put out of the account in the calculations of parents with narrow means. It is confessedly a trying thing for a boy to bring, and to be known to bring, much less money in his purse than other boys in his house or form. It may subject him to an ordeal of chaff, which is hard to bear; or of compassion, which is harder. His father probably, therefore, strikes a balance between his own judgment and the public opinion of the boys; unless he is weak enough to sacrifice his own judgment altogether. After all, however, the hardship of measuring a scantily supplied purse against many full ones is only postponed in the boy's experience of life, and not taken out of it. He will have to face the contrast at college, in the services, in commercial life, or in any possible position of the future; and if the public school be, as Canning and his contemporaries described it, a microcosm, it is just as well that some of the roughnesses of the greater world should be allowed in the training of the smaller. That it is an unquestionably bad thing to allow a lad a large command of money no one would deny, except here and there a weak or vulgar parent of the type described by Miss Edgeworth in her "Eton Montem"—"And this I will say, that my boy, he spends more money, and has more to spend, than my Lord John, though my Lord John is the son of a Marchioness." Of course a higher culture ought long ago to have led to the extinction of this parental type; and that it can survive in the Eton of the present day is a position which we should hesitate much to assert, though possibly still more to deny. But it is doubtful whether a hard and fast line would be desirable, even were it possible to draw one. Although the parental allowance might be a constant quantity, the financial balance would be liable to perpetual variation by means of "tips"; and no possible law could reduce to any uniform operation the number, the liberality, or the accessibility of grandfathers and godmothers, of uncles and old family friends. Some approximate equality might indeed be reached if the boys of the same school were mainly supplied by families in the same position, or with the same fortune. This experiment has, we believe, been tried; and we have some impression that Haileybury itself is a case in point, in which the public school system was intended to be placed within the reach of parents to whom Eton, Harrow, and Rugby were not accessible because of the cost. But, unless our information is incorrect, we doubt whether the experiment has worked as was proposed. It is said that many parents of larger fortune and higher social position have availed themselves of the lower terms offered by such schools as we describe, and that the result has been a mixture of classes in the new schools similar to that which prevails in the old ones; a result which we hold to be an absolute benefit, both to the schools themselves and to all the boys in them. A school exclusively consisting, say, of the sons of clergymen, or of solicitors, or of Civil Servants, might do very useful work, but would be distinctly wanting in the microcosmic character which makes a good public school so excellent a training ground for the work of life. Against one form of weakness and shabbiness combined, however, a word of caution may be allowable. At several of the newer schools the cost of education is lessened in some cases by a system of nominations. Where these have been almost importunately begged for by parents on the ground of the narrowness of their resources,

there is a certain want of integrity in the weakness which indulges a boy with excessive allowances of pocket-money in order that he may have the same opportunities of spending as his richer school-fellows. It will often be found, if any one will take the trouble to make the experiment, that a condition of public opinion which has been taken for granted in a school does not really exist. About twenty-five years ago a few of the bolder spirits among Oxford undergraduates ventured to break through the traditions of wine-party desserts supplied by the confectioners, and bought their fruit and biscuits at "Cooper's" for about one-fourth of the traditional cost. They nerved themselves to face the censure of "the college," but "the college" simply followed them nearly to a man. It chanced not long since that a man of this "college," finding that his son was provided with a first-class ticket in coming home from a preparatory school of great repute, where such tickets were supposed to be *de rigueur*, suggested in the proper quarter that he was himself in the habit of travelling second. The choice was at once given in the school, and a first-class ticket became speedily the exception to the rule. Just so in matters which must exclusively be left to the boys. If the parents of one or two influential lads, high in their houses and the school, and known also at the wicket and in the "scrummage," will persuade them to make it understood that excessive "grub" is something babyish, and that it is only cads who will chaff a fellow who has not much tin, the same sort of result is tolerably sure to follow. There are some matters in which the head boy of a house ought not to be left to his own resources, but should be overruled by strict authority exercised by the head-master. Within certain bounds, for instance, the week's "allowances" may fairly be stopped for the credit of a house; as for an athletic or other prize. But if the "sporting interest" takes it into its head to represent that a Derby lottery is a case for compulsory stoppage of the allowances, and is strong enough to carry the schoolboy majority with it, the masters are bound to interfere, and to insist that an interest in the fortunes of Doncaster or Gang Forward shall be left to each boy's individual choice.

For the information of such of our readers as may not be familiar with the details of schoolboy finance, we may state that pocket-money, like the "omnis Gallia" of Cæsar, "dividitur in tres partes." There is the weekly allowance, advanced by the school and charged in the bill, which may be put at a shilling a week, and is sometimes sixpence. This is chargeable with school fines, and is available for house or other "stoppages." Next come the "subscriptions" by which the games are maintained, and as to which the rule of "no compulsion, only you must," very properly holds good. The amount of these is fixed in some cases by the school authority, when they are of moderate amount, and in others by a mysterious power known as "Big-side," which is understood to be a constitutional government of some kind, but with a tendency to an extravagantly high scale of taxation. Last comes the pocket-money proper, the spending of which is at each boy's discretion, tempered by rules relating to bounds and to prohibited articles such as alcoholic liquids and vegetable matter made up in the form of cigars. Unless a boy has any special taste or pursuit, it may be taken for granted that the whole, or nearly the whole, of this disposable balance will be spent in "grub." But it would not be fair to assume that this general term means simply "toffy," "tom-trot," "bull-eyes," and such other unwholesome luxuries as found favour with junior Etonians in Mr. Coningsby's time. We believe that, apart from the higher æsthetics of strawberry ice and thin biscuits where and when such things are attainable, what is known as "grub" is to a large extent only the raw material on which the cooking instinct of the average schoolboy is exercised. Mr. Bradby remarks, no doubt very truly, that plenty of good and wholesome food is provided for all the Haileybury boys. This is exactly the state of things under which, by way of varying the monotony, the boys are likely to provide themselves with food which may not be unwholesome, but which is certainly, on all gastronomic principles, bad. Bread, potatoes, eggs, butter, sugar, and all manner of common and wholesome articles of food are elsewhere—and very possibly at Haileybury also—purchased for the purpose of being converted into various unheard of compounds, to be boiled or fried over the gas in inkstands or biscuit-tins, if the orthodox fire and saucepan happens to be previously engaged. We have heard of a hideous combination of sloes and brown sugar, the thought of which sets any ordinary teeth on edge, as constituting one of the luxuries of the school October term. This sounds of course all very absurd and childish, but the boys do in this queer way pick up a good many ideas of rough cookery which will stand them in good stead when they come to after experience of life across the seas, where many of them must go in time in the search after a livelihood. Mr. Bradby has done good service to his boys in his plain warnings to their parents against foolish and weak indulgence; and all parents may do well to take the advice, and apply it as they are sending their boys back to school. If a man knows that his sons must make their own way in the world, he ought honestly to tell them so, and put them in the way of preparing for it. The boys who now fill the forms of our public schools are not "little ones" who "knuckle down at law" as in Cowper's days, or who bowl hoops as in Gray's time at Eton. These are to be found in the preparatory schools which are the existing substitutes for the "lower forms" of other days, but in which, as we need scarcely add, the marbles and the hoops of the last century are alike unknown. The public schoolboy has "come to age"; the microcosm in which he lives is, as a rule,

wisely and strongly governed; but if his father has not the courage or the good sense to show him how to bear his part in the little world, he will fail grievously of its advantages as a place of training for the great one.

#### VICHY.

WHATEVER gleams of Imperial sunshine may have brightened the most frequented of French hot-springs, Vichy is in the natural order of things a true "città dolente," where victims of gout, dyspepsia, and kindred diseases make ineffectual efforts to be cheerful. The Casino is as smart, the band as indefatigable, as those of its German rivals; yet the entertainments provided miss fire more palpably at Vichy than elsewhere. It is so much the better for weary souls who have borne the yoke of incessant and clamorous amusement, even if ill-health has not brought them there. There is to them a novel interest in observing the unfamiliar aspects of human life when the social glaze is taken off it, and when the layman is admitted to some of those secrets which physicians keep so well. When the high pressure of "the common round, the daily task" is abated, we see something of what is underneath the grin and giggle which is assumed for even the most family gathering in the family country house. The natural man is not altogether repulsive in his weakness. He reveals traits of the old-fashioned individuality which existed before omniscience and omnipresence had demoralized us. There is still a sufficiently lively dance of death, and its satire may be studied with advantage, while its exposure of pretences is quite an agreeable antidote to the narcotics of civilization.

At Vichy, where specimens of mankind from either hemisphere congregate, internationalism has no existence. Indigestion checks the enthusiasm of humanity. Sufferers from enlarged liver care little for the coming race, and all possible evolutions of society leave the votary of the Source des Célestins apathetic. Besides the facilities offered for unusually accurate study of its visitors, Vichy also gives the travelling Englishman a chance of appreciating the frankness and originality of French provincials. The country merchant shepherding his valiant helpmate, their daughter with conventual face, the middle-class coterie joined in the bonds of similar ailments, are studies not to be found elsewhere by strangers. As the groups established round the Kiosk to hear their favourite opera airs and vases gesticulate, perorate, make feeble and fitful love, or patiently endure the monkey tricks of their spoilt children, we cannot but recall Molière's comedy of life. He described the same people with but little anachronism, for there is a deep-seated conservatism of manner and habit among the French which has somehow withstood the Code and the sophisms of '89.

Of twenty-five thousand yearly visitors to Vichy only about three thousand are foreigners. Discontented tradesmen complain of bad seasons since the eclipse of the Bonapartes. They also hint that this year the devotional pilgrimages have hindered the worship of Health. The spare enthusiasm of believing souls was claimed elsewhere, and the pious care of the body no longer took precedence of other religious observances. At all times it would appear that the ritual, the priests, and the shrines of the great goddess Digestion lose importance during national calamities; but with returning prosperity Vichy must always thrive, as its past history declares. Without inquiring what use Vercingetorix and the Arverni made of their property in its springs, we know that the Romans appreciated them. Gouty grandees from Lugdunum sought relief at the station of Aquæ Calidæ, and waning beauty was supposed to be restored by their virtue. Five types of Venus Anadyomene have been found in excavating the Roman ruins. Restored youth and remoulded form are seldom achieved by the modern drinkers, who at no stage of their treatment suggest grace or beauty. Venus is the last person that the observer is likely to meet by the sources of the Grande Grille or the Célestins. Our complicated modern life seems more and more to interfere with ideal perfection of form, and to require all the inventions of medical science for its well-being as fast as they are found; for the civilized Dives, if not fuller of sores than the mediæval Lazarus, is more impatient of them. From the fourth century, when the Roman baths were abandoned, to the sixteenth, people did without Vichy water and its salts. Even when, in the twelfth century, the position of the place gave it some importance, its bicarbonate of soda was only appreciated by the neighbouring cattle, who flocked inconveniently to the springs. Some ruined walls and a tower still exist of a castle attributed to the third Duke of Bourbon, who made much of his châtellenie of Vichy "because of the pureness of its air." On the frontier of Auvergne and the Bourbonnais, and commanding for some distance the passage of the Allier river, tolls were levied then which presently attracted the greed of the kings of France. The civil war of the Bien Public was terminated at Cusset, a town hard by, and Charles VII. took the opportunity of its resistance to leave a garrison at Vichy. The place has an interesting story, whether sharing in the eleventh century the fortunes of the Sires de Bourbon Archambault, or the greater splendour of the ducal race founded by Robert de Clermont, a son of St. Louis, and terminating with the Constable who died at the gate of Rome. Yet in the ebb and flow of its prosperity during the Pragerie, the Bien Public, and the Huguenot wars, the medical value of the hot springs was neglected. What use was made of them was by the Celestine fathers, who had a well-

endowed house at Vichy, and doubtless had preserved some Roman traditions of gout and dyspepsia.

With peace and Henry IV. the science of life revived. Readers of Montaigne thought the welfare of the body as important as that of the soul. The cattle were shut out from their favourite spring by a *grande grille*, which gives its name now to those waters dear to sufferers from liver disease. A little house was built for strangers, with accommodation for two bathers, and called the *Maison du Roi*, while a knot of lodgings supplied footpans, glasses, and lesser aids to hydropathy. The Capuchins established themselves near the Grande Grille, and they and the Celestines were hospitable. In the middle of the seventeenth century medical fashion set towards Vichy in a current which has been more or less constant ever since. La Bruyère tells us how Madame de Montespan went to Bourbon to be cured of vapours, but the true chronicler of life at "the waters" in 1676 is Madame de Sévigné. Our readers can find in her letters a great deal about the company and life at Vichy which still holds true. Fewer *bourrées* are danced in these days, and the labourers are hardly such perfect *bergers de l'Astrée*. There is more railway flotsam, but the talk remains probably much the same, and is racy of the waters and their effects. The number of glasses swallowed is not so startling as in the days of the *Malade imaginaire*, but in the main there is singularly little difference between 1676 and 1873. The country traders who come to Vichy from all parts of France have more visible originality than our gorgeous middle class; and to a rank below them the local costumes give a dignity of their own which with us is lost in the vulgarity of flimsy finery. Vichy has been loaded with improvements by each Paris dynasty, but the tenacious good sense of the country folk, Auvergnats in their traditions, is satisfactory in its hold of old customs. It is but necessary to pass from the wide straight boulevards to the old quarter of the Château Franc, or to stroll a mile into the country, to perceive that enough of the old ways remains to reprove the style, beloved by speculators, of the Second Empire. Mesdames Adelaide and Victoria of France began the modern Vichy by enclosing in the existing gallery four of the chief springs. By an edict dated from a Russian village, Napoleon ordered the park to be laid out, while the Duchess of Angoulême did not disdain to conclude his work. No power short of a Company could, however, have made Vichy what it is. The Company farms the springs, provides a casino, and all that goes with a casino—plays, balls, newspapers, concerts, and whatever the modern man desires, short of roulette and trente-et-quarante. Its various workshops are open to the public. Nothing can be prettier than the steam works; and after seeing the preparation of the sweetstuffs containing Vichy salts, the visitor is irresistibly disposed to consume henceforth his daily dozen of medicated lozenges. Let us hope that the world's digestion is benefiting by the two million and a half quarts of Vichy waters yearly bottled and sent to the four quarters of the globe. The creative power of Companies, backed by an invalid Emperor, is great; we trust that no new form of disease will appear as a consequence of the large consumption of Grande Grille salts. In twenty years the visitors to Vichy have quadrupled, and the consumption of its exported waters has multiplied sixfold.

Fairly good plays, and an almost perpetual flow of music, are the chief aids in promoting the "joye fort nécessaire pour faire profiter les remèdes," according to the *Mercurie galant* of May 1678. It is doubtful whether Offenbach's breakdowns and lively waltzes at eight o'clock in the morning are calculated to cheer dyspeptic wretches. Their lugubrious faces as they defile before the Grande Grille do not express satisfaction as the distant tum-tumming bids them be merry. To the weary and heavy-laden bound for the Célestins, ornamental fountains and plaster statuary appear superfluous joys. Yet who knows but that some believer in progress may be comforted by the scarlet geraniums bedded out with true "international" taste, the oleanders in green boxes, the booths, and the continual gurgle of the orchestra? Let us live and let live, if we can, at Vichy, where the effort is not always easy. Seventy-one hotels and uncounted lodging-houses supply the necessities, if not the luxuries, of life. The hours at all of them are regulated to suit the bathers. Seventy-one bells announce a breakfast of five courses at ten o'clock, and much the same meal is repeated at half-past five. The Allier and its many tributaries supply piles of gudgeon, which, fried in the same way, are not very inferior to overgrown whitebait. The waters give appetite, and it is curious to see how much the sorriest invalids eat, though the régime of abstinence between the meals has much to do with their hunger. When once it is appeased, the storm of talk that breaks along the *table-d'hôte* is more polyglot than at first seems likely from the uniformity of dress. The Mediterranean sends a medley; Algeria being of course represented, though the officers and soldiers sent home officially for cure are for the most part accommodated in the special military hospital, where there are quarters for nearly two hundred men of all ranks who require Vichy treatment. In the civil hospital 236 invalids are taken in on the certificate of their local authorities. There is abundant water for all comers. About three thousand baths daily are available, and from the Grande Grille source alone over twelve thousand gallons in twenty-four hours burst up at a temperature of 106° Fahr. Before it the frequently returning drinkers pass in strings, sometimes numbering thirty thousand in the day, so that at the favourite hours the four women who ladle out the water cannot fill the graduated glasses fast enough. Of the procession there are few who do not look really ill, for the diseases treated, whether at the Célestins or at the Grande Grille, mark their victims very plainly. The misery



of people's faces tells its tale of woes below the ribs. And in themselves the waters are depressing, even when most curative, and often fatally treacherous when ignorantly used.

Of course there are sporadic attempts at fine dress among ladies who are only in attendance on their suffering lords and not particularly ill themselves, but the moist atmosphere sadly damps their efforts at whitening the sepulchre which cannot be effectually screened from lookers-on. No sculptor in search of models would go to Vichy. On festival days, however, good-looking and healthy peasants mingle with the visitors. The Auvergnat caps and bonnets contrast with Parisian headgear in the long alleys of the park, while under them are comely faces curiously observing the bedizened invalids. It is pleasant to leave the sick folk of the new town, and get out into the wooded and fertile country whence the peasants come. Within a mile of the Imperial boulevards old France still exists. Large farms, if dirty and untidy, bear witness to wealth by their extensive steadings. Well-fed dun cattle do most of the work. The sheep are not unshapely, and the soil seems equal to most crops, from hemp and beet to vines on the gravelly hills. Abundant poultry and pigs, frequent orchards, and fully-cropped gardens attest the custom which secures to the labourers and their families employment on the same farms for generations. The child who herds the geese, and the ancient dame who twirls her distaff while she looks after the *pot au feu*—each contribute to the general store of wealth small gains which are lost in more "advanced" systems. Probably few of the English visitors try to understand the value of usages which help the French peasants to withstand the destructive forces of the Code. The unkempt foregrounds shock our taste, even though they are backed by the broad lines of clear-cut horizon to the North, and by the volcanic peaks of the Puy de Dôme to the South. A D'Aubigné or a Corot would find satisfaction in the green greys of the well-watered fields where the English eye might desire more "colour." The British tourist must have tidiness, and neither the castellated manor of the lord nor the disorderly hamlet of the peasants is likely to satisfy his taste. Yet, as there are few facilities for inordinate reading at Vichy, no opiates of the understanding in the way of good lending-libraries, very questionable company in the Casino, and a great deal too much music, the visitor to Vichy may utilize the exercise recommended by his physician in gaining some true idea of the landed interests in its neighbourhood. He might in future weigh more justly the claims of parties and the mischief done by agitators who falsely claim to speak in the name of the "people." An improved political instinct might be gained during his month of baths, not less than an improved digestion equal to the trials of an English winter, with its mince-pies and leading articles.

#### THE DAILY TELEGRAPH'S HISTORICAL PARALLEL.

MANY, many years ago we remember that a political opponent of Sir Robert Peel, speaking of one of those changes of policy with which he surprised both his friends and his enemies, called it the fifth, sixth, or seventh—we cannot be particular as to the numeral—"avatar of Buddha Peel." We are too dull to see much likeness between Buddha and Peel, beyond the fact that each has had a following called after his name; and certainly the sect of the Peelites has not been so lasting, nor has it spread itself over so large a portion of the earth's surface, as the sect of the Buddhists. But when the process of metempsychosis is fairly set to work, the question "Who's who?" becomes one which it does not at all do to answer lightly. Pythagoras, so the more moderate legend went, had once been the Euphorbos of the Iliad; but, according to some of his admirers, he had been several things of a much more unlikely kind, a fish and a bramble-bush being among them, if we rightly remember. The vivacity of the fish which thus came to light again in the shape of the Samian philosopher might make us think that he was some kin to the "fish unable to drown" who once appeared in the proof-sheet of a writer whose manuscript contained the words "fashionable bedroom." But in those distant regions inhabited by fish, brambles, legendary—perhaps solar—heroes, and gods of Eastern mythologies a good deal may be safely ventured. It is more dangerous walking among the recorded worthies of European history of any date. The great houses of Rome were at no time to be lightly handled; even misapplied reverence sometimes brought down summary vengeance; the ivory staff of Marcus Papirius came down heavily on the head of the Gaul who stroked his beard as that of a God. The Cornelian clan, in its many branches, turned out not a few men with whom one would be decidedly shy of taking liberties. We do not at all know how the Cossi, the Lentuli, the Scipiones, and the Sullæ might relish having men of our own times so closely identified with them as to make it almost seem that the later personage is an avatar of the earlier. At all events, if such speculations are to be indulged in, it would be well to hit upon ancient and modern personages between whom there is some kind of likeness in character or actions. By help of a little stretch of imagination we could conceive the elder Cato, the renowned Censor, appearing again in the person of Mr. Ayrton, or even in that of Mr. Lowe. To be sure between Cato and Mr. Lowe there is one marked point of difference. Cato, much as he hated the Greeks, was so convinced of the advantages of Greek learning that he set to work to master the language in his old age. Mr. Lowe has so fully made up his mind the other way, that he seems sorry that he learned Greek in his youth. Still, the universal biter, the *πανδακτύλος*, is not with-

out points of likeness to either of his suggested modern antitypes; and both Cato and Mr. Lowe have been made the subject of epigrams in divers tongues—from the earlier one of which we have just borrowed an epithet—describing beforehand what was to happen to their subjects in the other world. If Mr. Lowe then should wish to be identified with any Roman worthy, or to ask for adoption into any Roman family, we should suggest the *Gens Porcia*—the *gens* of him whom Persephone declined to receive into Hades—as the one in which he would find himself most at home. Porcius of Tusculum too was after all a plebeian, and to trifle with his name and ancestry might be a less matter than to lay hands on the doubtless Trojan blood of the Cornelli. And, setting superstitious reverence of this kind aside, we are wholly at a loss to see any point of likeness between the new Home Secretary and Publius Cornelius Scipio Africanus. But the *Daily Telegraph* thinks otherwise. If we may venture to face the young lions, we should say that the likeness between the two worthies had been purchased at the cost of a little tampering with the recorded actions of both. Mr. Lowe's successes have at all events not been military. We know that he sometimes indulges in a romantic vein, as when he seeks to describe the studies, or to fix the date of the foundation, of the University or the College which he so deeply regrets ever having belonged to. But Mr. Lowe himself would hardly, even at a dinner of enthusiastic civil engineers or of patriotic Millenarians, have ventured to see a parallel between himself and "the great commander who had crushed the power of Rome's enemies and given security and prosperity to the city." To say nothing of the widely-different fields in which the achievements of Scipio and those of Mr. Lowe have been wrought, the parallel can only be made good by altogether turning about the state of political parties with which Scipio and Mr. Lowe have had to deal. Mr. Lowe is a member of a Liberal Government; he has to defend himself and his colleagues against Conservative accusations. Scipio, on the other hand, was a high aristocrat who had charges brought against him by the Tribunes of the Commons. In most hands this would be felt to be no small difficulty in making out a parallel between two men in such opposite positions. But Jupiter junior has clearly inherited the power by which the elder potentate could bestow what form he pleased either on himself or on any other person, divine or human. A knot that cannot be untied must be cut. If the facts do not fit in with the rhetoric, so much the worse for the facts. Therefore, while in the older form of the story Scipio is attacked by Tribunes set on by Cato, in the version of the *Daily Telegraph* he is attacked by "the bitter Roman Tories who hated Scipio's reputation more than they loved their country."

Perhaps, however, to attend to distinctions of this kind is after all mere pedantry. Tribunes and Tories have at least as much in common as Macedon and Monmouth; each name beyond all doubt begins with a T. In either case, in the words of a poet quoted by Lord Macaulay,

Noble Publius worried was with rogues.

If then it is desired to look learned and to point a period, it is perhaps hard to expect the rhetorician to trouble himself as to the exact nature of the rogues or the exact colour of their political opinions. And again there is something to be said on the ground of *ἀντιστοιχίαι* or tit for tat. How many bitter Roman Tories have been taken for Liberals; how many fierce aristocrats have been turned about into zealots for democratic rights. How often has either Brutus—of course we do not count the founder of Totnes—been taken for a French Jacobin. And did not a body of grave American patriots pledged to the doctrine that all men are born free and equal found, first a society and then a city, called after that Lucius Quinctius Cincinnatus who, if he ever existed at all, must have been as bitter a Tory, or oligarch, or whatever we please to call him, as can be easily lighted on in a day's search among the records of any age? When so much of this kind of thing has been abroad in the world, it is only fair now and then to turn the tables, and, as the aristocrats have been so often painted as demagogues, for once in a way to paint the demagogues as aristocrats. Let then the rogues who worried noble Publius be, for the sake of argument, allowed to be bitter Tories, as well as the rogues who have worried that later worthy whom the *Daily Telegraph*, if it had been in a tender instead of a learned mood, might have spoken of as noble Robert. But we must think that the *Telegraph* is hard upon the later of its two heroes. If we still have the true Cornelian line among us, if noble Robert is in truth only an avatar of noble Publius, it is clear that in some intermediate transformation he must have greatly improved some parts of his character. If Mr. Lowe would not be likely to rival Scipio on another Zama, he has certainly not, in his present form, done anything like those particular deeds by which Scipio drew on himself the wrath of his enemies, Tory or other. "In simpler fashion," we are told, "and on a less prominent scene, Mr. Lowe has just renewed the example of the conqueror of Carthage." We are happy for Mr. Lowe's sake to say that he has done nothing of the kind. "It was," the *Telegraph* says, "intellect justifying itself by history which was heard at Sheffield." It was hardly intellect in any form which was seen, heard, and felt at Rome. On the whole, if we had to compare Scipio at this particular stage of his life with anybody within the last few years, it would not be to Mr. Lowe that we should liken him, but to certain of the Fenians. "The bitter Tories," according to the *Telegraph*, "accused Scipio of all sorts of petty offences and misdemeanours." It goes on to tell us how "he made his appearance before the Assembly, but to the surprise and

disgust of his calumniators, instead of an apology the illustrious citizen pronounced a clear and complacent vindication of his services." We suppose then that, in the political morality of the *Daily Telegraph*, it is rather a fine thing for a man who is regularly accused before a legal tribunal, instead of pleading one way or another, to tell the Court how great his services have been in past times. Our stern forefathers would have sent such a one to the *peine forte et dure*; the milder law of Rome allowed any accused person to escape judgment by going into exile at any moment before his formal condemnation. Surely if (*quod absit*) Mr. Lowe should ever be put on his trial for any charge—let us, in the case of such a defendant, conceive the archaic process revived which was famous in the days of Strafford and Warren Hastings—would the *Daily Telegraph* approve, if all the notice that Mr. Lowe took of the charge was to tell his judges, in a clear and complacent fashion, that he had opposed Parliamentary reform and tried to lay a tax on lucifer-matches? To be sure Scipio had somewhat greater exploits than these to hold forth about, but the principle is the same—the principle that a man's former services may be pleaded in answer to a legal and definite charge brought against him. No charge has been brought against Mr. Lowe; he has not been arraigned before any court; and the *Daily Telegraph* seems to feel this in a kind of hazy way when it speaks of Mr. Lowe as acting on a less prominent scene than Scipio. Altogether the likeness between the two scenes of action, between a trial before the highest legal court and a speech made at a Cutlers' dinner, strikes us as coming as near to the nature of unlikeness as any likeness can do.

But after all what had Scipio done? He had been guilty of a succession of lawless acts. His brother Lucius had been called upon to bring forward the accounts of the campaign in Asia, in which Publius was concerned as well as himself. The story is told with a good deal of difference of detail; but there seems to be no doubt that, when the accounts were brought forth, some say by himself, some say by his brother, Publius tore the writings in pieces in sight of the people. When his brother was sent to prison, Publius further by force and arms rescued him from the custody of the legal officer. When put on his own trial, the only answer he made was, that it was the anniversary of his victory over Hannibal. All this, it would seem, is looked on by the *Daily Telegraph* as an instance of intellect vindicating itself by history. We should have thought that it was rather an appeal to club-law, more in the style, as we have already hinted, of Clerkenwell Fenians than of any member of any English Government for a long time back. Surely a wrong is done to Mr. Lowe in this matter. No one has ever charged him with being other than a decent and law-abiding citizen in his own person; the bitterest Tory or Tribune has not suspected him of tearing up the public accounts, still less of assaulting constables in the discharge of their duty. Yet these are the great feats of intellect of which, according to the *Daily Telegraph*, Mr. Lowe has renewed the example. Altogether it is the old story of save me from my friends. It is not in the character of bitter Tories hating his reputation, but in that of impartial lookers-on wishing to do justice to every man, that we protest against Mr. Lowe being looked on as an avatar of Publius Cornelius Scipio.

#### CAPITAL PUNISHMENT AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE resignation of Señor Salmeron on the question of capital punishment ought to gain him immortal honour from the Friends of Humanity all the world over. Nothing could be more gratifying than this self-sacrificing assertion of their sentimental principles by so prominent a politician, unless, indeed, he had succeeded in asserting them successfully. But it would seem that even in the Radical Cortes of Spain, as in the Assemblies of Italy and France, there is a majority that objects to proclaiming an amnesty in advance for all the murderers in a country where murders are of everyday occurrence. Indeed legislators who have not regularly graduated in the sentimental school which turns out theorists like Señor Salmeron may be excused if they find it difficult to follow him in his fine-drawn distinctions. He has been sufficiently thoroughgoing in his administration of the Government, considering his antecedents and his earlier political connexions. Many of the more enthusiastically practical Federals, who went a little further than the theories which he was in the habit of promulgating, have been shot down in battles or bombardments by troops acting under his authority. As Chief of the State he approved those praiseworthy military executions following on drum-head courts-martial by which General Pavia restored order in the army which Salmeron would at one time have had disbanded. Yet he shrinks from taking the life of the most infamous criminal who has been deliberately judged and calmly condemned by the ordinary civil tribunals. It is curious that the Legislatures and the courts of justice should be extraordinarily tender of life in the countries where the people hold it in the lightest estimation. The same morbid feeling paralyses the administration of justice in all those Southern countries where blood is hot and deeds of violence are frequent. In Italy, as in Spain, it is the rarest thing in the world to see a murderer pay the penalty of his crime on the scaffold. Perhaps it is not altogether unnatural that the authorities should feel a certain sympathy for the man of a temperament excitable like their own who has been hurried into dealing a fatal blow, when they know that he delivered it in the passion and on the provocation of the moment. It is conceivable that they should even make excuses for the injured relative who has malignantly

followed out a long-planned vendetta; because, although the vendetta flourishes as a specially Corsican institution, it is more or less a time-honoured custom in all the Southern provinces of the mainland. It is less intelligible that statesmen in their sober senses should extend the same consideration to the brigand who has habitually added bloodshed to robbery. Yet the brigands, when they escape the volleys of rough-and-ready bersaglieri whose blood has been warmed by a hot chase in the mountains, may confidently congratulate themselves on being spared to return to their profession and resume their profitable course of crime. They are arraigned at the bar in due course, and trembling witnesses are dragged up to testify against them. They may have been notoriously guilty of scores of aggravated homicides, as in the case of the infamous Manzi, who was unlucky enough to be shot in a scuffle the other day in the neighbourhood of Salerno; and many of these homicides may be conclusively established against them. The jury may be constrained for very shame to pronounce a verdict of guilty, and the judge may pass the sentence of death with timorous mien and faltering accents. But then the sentence is wanting in the very essential point of a date fixed for its execution; and if the convict is not reprieved, he is generally forgotten. In any case, he is consigned indefinitely to a prison where the walls are weak, the window-bars rusty, and the gloier venal or sympathetic. One way or another, the result is that appearances at the guillotine have always been rare events in Southern Italy, while murders are so common that they scarcely excite a sensation. Things are not quite so bad in France, partly perhaps for the reason that in France murderers would be rash to reckon upon almost absolute immunity. The French prisons are secure enough, and convicts sent to the galleys or the foreign penal settlements know that they have to serve out the long periods of their sentences, which generally are made sufficiently disagreeable to them. Moreover retributive justice not unfrequently embodies itself in the pestilential climate of Cayenne or Lambessa, and the death penalty is exacted indirectly, although blood does not flow on the scaffold. But if the murderer happens not to die a natural death, it is not the fault of his countrymen who serve on juries. The popular verdict of "guilty with extenuating circumstances" has long ago passed into a proverb and a byword. It does not mean that there is much excuse to be made for the man who has chopped his mother into little bits on a domestic difference as to the consumption of cognac; or that the temptation justified the deed in the case of that other poor fellow who has disposed of a whole family for the sake of the trifling sum to be found in the portemonnaie of the *père de famille*. It simply means that juries object as a matter of sentiment to inflicting the last punishment authorized by their penal code; they would rather that the culprit were spared than that they should have to hold themselves in any degree responsible for his blood.

This misplaced leniency may possibly be less injurious with our neighbours than it would be with us. Assassination in Southern countries is so often a sheer matter of impulse that there seems scarcely time for a calculation of consequences. Still, there as elsewhere, the old maxim holds good, that desperate diseases demand sharp remedies. Until the other day it was considered almost hopeless to attempt the suppression of Italian brigandage. It was said to be inherent in the very nature of the people. Now, however, it appears to be in a fair way to be put down, thanks to the thoroughgoing proceedings of General Pallavicini. It was argued that the brigands must always coerce the peasants and the shepherds among whom they lived into giving them aid and warning. The certainty of being shot on the spot for refusing must needs prevail over the more remote risk of being shot by the troops for consenting. It seemed hard on helpless peasants to reduce them on a sudden to a dilemma so dangerous. However, there was no help for it; it was declared that those who gave food or information to brigands should be treated precisely like the brigands themselves. The peasants were left to arrange matters as they might; and the result is that the worst districts of Calabria have now become comparatively safe. So, we fancy, it would prove were some similar course pursued towards the national weakness of always having recourse to deadly weapons. Were the penalty of death rigorously enforced even when the culprit could plead passion or provocation, we suspect it would have an immediate effect on the statistics of crime, and would prove the truest kindness to the people in the long run. No doubt there would be a good deal of grumbling at first over the examples made of ardent and sensitive natures, contrary to all precedent. But the more excitement these examples created the deeper would be the impression they would make. Brawlers would learn to drink and quarrel under the abiding sense of a new danger; and the cooler spectators of a dispute who saw whither excitement was hurrying the principals would more often be induced to interpose in time. Besides, if the law really set itself in earnest to the task of suppressing homicide, it might enforce some useful precautionary legislation in the interest of the dangerous classes themselves. When brawls are of daily occurrence, and murders are perpetrated with comparative impunity, it would be idle as well as unjust to order peaceable people to leave their weapons at home. Should the law interfere seriously for the protection of life, no measure would more recommend itself to common sense than one which made it penal to carry offensive weapons.

The English as a nation are particularly unlikely to have any excessive sympathy with the squeamishness of the late Premier of Spain. Indeed the tendencies of our legislation used to be quite the other way, and until quite recent times the spirit of our



criminal jurisprudence sinned rather on the side of severity. In Spain and Italy, when by chance a capital sentence is to be executed, the criminal meets his end with a coolness which almost amounts to heroism. It is the judge, the officials, and the onlookers whose sensibilities are excited over the tragical *dénouement*. In England, on the contrary, it was the authorities, from the very highest down to the hangman, who showed themselves cool and impassive while whole batches of offenders were dismissed from the dock to their cells and submitted to the final sentence of the law. *Autos-da-fé* have not been in fashion with us for some hundreds of years; they were always an exotic institution, and our people never took very kindly to them. But long after *autos-da-fé* had gone out of date even in the chosen land of the Church and the Inquisition, the law continued to provide the English public with an abundance of popular entertainment to the full as exciting. We have grown more sensitive and scrupulous than our fathers; and as cities are drained and sanitary boards are multiplied we set greater store by human life. We ventilate our prisons and provide their inmates with a diet which is almost luxurious, although we have to maintain our prisoners longer in consequence; and now we confine the unfortunates convicted of petty thefts, instead of hanging them out of the way and having done with it. We should shudder at the idea of some dozen of human beings, men, women, and mere children, listening in the condemned cells of Newgate for the tolling of St. Sepulchre's bell. We should think it altogether beyond the limits of good taste were the members of the very fastest set in good society to make up a little supper party at the "Magpie and Stump" that they might be ready to enjoy the spectacle of the morning. We confess that, on the whole, we see matter for congratulation in our altered tone, as well as in that still more recent change which did away with executions in public. As spectacles they were neither edifying nor attractive, and for one bystander who accepted them as a warning, there were undoubtedly twenty who were much the worse for the sight. From the prisoner's point of view they were more objectionable still. We advocate death as the fitting penalty of deliberate murder, but we protest against its being preceded by torture. We may take human life as a public necessity, but we have no right to disturb the last moments of the unhappy sufferer more than need be. And while there were hardened criminals who felt a miserable pride and pleasure in that last appearance before the scum and drags of the city, those of more impressionable or less vitiated natures must have dreaded facing the mob below the gibbet even more than the shameful death that awaited them. In changing the closing scene to the seclusion of the prison, we obeyed the dictates at once of humanity and decency. We have gradually been leaning to the side of mercy, and in his punishment as in his trial we incline more and more to give the culprit the benefit of any doubt. We only hope that we shall not end by adopting the silly humanitarian theories for which Señor Salmeron has sacrificed himself, although we cannot feel unqualified confidence that England may not, in the hands of certain Ministers whom we can imagine, move even faster than Spain. Yet these private executions still leave something to be desired, and there are certain improvements in the arrangements which we should like to see adopted. Such scenes as that which was witnessed last week at Kirkdale can only strengthen the hands of the sentimentalists who would abolish death punishment altogether. There is no need to dwell on revolting details which have probably come under the notice of every reader. Suffice it to say that, when the bolts were drawn, the rope broke with the weight of the unfortunate man. He never lost consciousness. When the bitterness of death should have been past with him, he had to take his seat under the gibbet and go through the mockery of listening to the ministrations of the chaplain, while the prison authorities were making fresh arrangements to despatch him. We do not know with whom the responsibility rests, but we are sure some one should be held responsible for so cruel a catastrophe. It is not the first accident of the kind that has happened recently, and a very few more of such cases would make capital punishment all but impossible.

#### THE THAMES AT RICHMOND.

DURING the last fortnight the *Times* has published a number of letters upon the condition of the Thames at Richmond; and while the discussion has proceeded the change of summer to autumn, and heavy and continued rain, have probably mitigated for the time the evil which occasioned the correspondence. This evil is, however, certain to reappear in full force unless a remedy be applied; and, indeed, the necessity of a remedy is admitted, and the only question that remains is as to the form which it ought to take. The Richmond Vestry have printed as a pamphlet the correspondence between themselves and the Conservators of the Thames, and they appear to expect by this means to obtain the support of public opinion in urging a particular plan on the Conservators. But the question between the engineers of the Conservators and the engineer of the Vestry must be settled in case of need, not by newspaper discussion, but by reference to some other engineers competent to decide between opposing views. The Conservators have consulted Sir John Coode, C.E., and Captain Calver, R.N., who recommended that the navigation between Teddington Lock and Kew Railway Bridge should be improved by dredging. The Vestry of Richmond have obtained from Mr. Abernethy, C.E., a report which, as they say, "proves conclu-

sively" that the erection of a lock and weir at Richmond is not only the most feasible, but the most desirable, plan for improving the navigation above that town." But if the arguments adduced by Mr. Abernethy are not in themselves sufficient, we shall scarcely accept them on the authority of the Richmond Vestry. It is at least doubtful whether the proposed lock and weir might not seriously affect the navigation below Richmond, whereas the plan of dredging can certainly do no harm; and at worst a considerable sum of money might be expended on this plan without adequate result.

The inhabitants of Richmond and Twickenham presented to the Conservators a Memorial dated June 3, 1871, of which an abstract appears in the pamphlet now before us. It is really a pity that a mere abstract should be given of a composition which must be at once scientific and pictorial. It urges that a lock and weir would not only remove existing evils, "but would impart even greater beauty and attractiveness to the refreshing appearance which the river formerly possessed." The unsightly river mud in the well-known and much frequented districts of Richmond and Twickenham would disappear after the construction of the proposed works, the river would disclose beautiful banks, and its reaches would become charming and effective, "totally unsurpassed in beauty in any other locality." The style of the late lamented George Robins, however admirable in itself, is perhaps not the most suitable for conducting the discussion of what is after all an engineer's question. The Conservators, in answer to this Memorial, state some of the objections which they entertain, and which they regard as insuperable, "to the proposal to erect a weir at Brentford which shall altogether exclude the tidal water." This water, of which the quantity is very large, exercises at present a most beneficial effect on the river below by the scour which it produces. Analogous cases are not wanting to justify the apprehension of the Conservators that a most serious silting up of the river would ensue, and it is the duty of the Conservators to prevent any work which may interfere with the navigation below bridge or may affect the commercial interests of the Port of London. "To cut off the enormous volume of tidal water which flows up between Brentford and Teddington, a distance of five miles, would in the opinion of the Conservators be productive of serious injury" to the trade of London. This is the substance of the objection which the Conservators entertain to the proposed lock and weir. They have been advised by experienced engineers that it is a well-founded objection, and even if the engineer of the Richmond Vestry can produce a forcible answer to it, the only effect must be to show that further investigation is desirable. The memorialists reply to the Conservators that they did not propose a weir which should altogether exclude the tidal water, and they regret that the answer of the Board to their Memorial should have been founded on an erroneous conception of its meaning. This correspondence took place in 1871, and we may assume that the engineers recently consulted by the Conservators considered the expediency of a weir in any form. The Report of Sir John Coode and Captain Calver is not before us, and the remarks of Mr. Abernethy, dated the 24th of July last, upon that Report merely show that he adheres to his former opinion, while they would probably maintain their own. The engineer of the Richmond Vestry makes the important admission that the engineers of the Conservators have, "under existing circumstances," some reason to complain of the discharge of sewage from the town of Richmond and its neighbourhood, and the public may perhaps think that the local nuisance should be remedied before complaint should be made of that which is general. It is strange to find the inhabitants of Richmond discoursing eloquently on the beauty of the Thames and at the same time converting it into a common sewer. Mr. Abernethy admits that by dredging the depth of water may be increased at least temporarily above Richmond Bridge, but he demands for his clients a depth of clean water. He may be answered, at least for the present, in the proverb that the kettle should not call the crock "smut."

If the Richmond Vestry desire that the question which they agitate should be fully understood, they will endeavour to procure the publication of the Report of Sir John Coode and Captain Calver, to which they will be at liberty to append any comments which their own engineer may desire to offer. We observe that Mr. Abernethy quotes from page 22 of this Report, so that it must contain a tolerably complete examination of the question, and it is mere groping in the dark to attempt discussion without having this Report before us. An engineer writing lately in the *Times* goes over some of the ground which has probably been traversed by the authors of the Report. He points out that the tide at Richmond now ebbs much lower than it did in former years, and the change is due to the removal of Old London, Blackfriars, and Westminster Bridges, and the substitution of modern structures with ample water way, combined with extensive dredging operations. Old London Bridge, as is well known, acted as a partial weir; the spring tide rose six inches higher on the lower than on the upper side of it, and there was a fall of from three to five feet of water at the ebb, which necessitated the critical operation called "shooting" the bridge. By the removal of these obstructions the tide now flows higher by six inches above bridge than it did in former years, and it ebbs about four feet lower, adding, says the engineer, about twenty-five per cent. to the tidal volume of water passing up and down twice a day, and producing a rapid lowering of the bed of the river, and greater exposure of the foreshore mudbanks. The same engineer expresses the opinion that the tide cannot be kept back or affected by the recently constructed

Embankment, and that the tide probably makes a higher mark between Blackfriars and Chelsea than it did prior to the construction of the Embankment. This opinion appears to agree with that of the advisers of the Conservators, who are quoted by Mr. Abernethy as saying that the Embankment "has little effect upon the tidal propagation in the Upper Thames." In answer to the complaint of the Richmond Vestry that water is abstracted by the Water Companies above Teddington Lock, this engineer says that this volume of water can bear no comparison with the additional quantity of tidal water, "the great natural conservative agent," admitted upwards since the removal of Old London Bridge. The Richmond Vestry would doubtless answer that it is a question not only of quantity but of quality, and that the clear water which used to come down to them is abstracted, while dirty water is sent up to them instead of it. At present Richmond is itself in default. The treatment of its sewage is, as its representative confesses, an "unanswered difficulty," and the Vestry is "most anxiously and earnestly at work" to discover a proper solution of this difficulty. The deliberations of the Vestry are likely to be quickened by the compulsory clauses of an Act of Parliament which requires that all towns in the Thames Valley should divert their sewage from the river. They must solve the "unanswered difficulty," and when they have solved it, they may reasonably complain of the fouling of the tidal stream by the sewage outfalls at Barking and Erith. This fouling appears to be admitted by the advisers of the Conservators, who say, in a passage quoted by Mr. Abernethy, that the waters of the Thames are "heavily charged with material in the summer season;" and experience shows that wherever waters so charged are brought to a state of comparative quiet (as they would be in the upper portion of a tidal river), "they quickly deposit the matter they hold in suspension," or, in other words, they leave "a slight coating of mud" upon the towing-path when the tide ebbs. All visitors to Kew and Richmond will agree in wishing that the Thames, once called "silver," could be prevented from depositing black and offensive slime along its banks, and they will think sewage, whether native or imported, an equally hideous feature in an otherwise lovely landscape. Yet we cannot but admire the cool audacity of the Chairman of the Lock Committee of the Richmond Vestry, who "gently puts by" the question of the local nuisance, and concerns himself only with "the speedy attainment of an adequate supply of pure water," which he and his fellow-townsmen are ready to defile. One is almost comforted to read, on the day on which this letter was published, an announcement of the appearance of the signs of early winter at the English lakes. Tourists who have been recalled from their holidays, whether in these islands or the Continent, are able to console themselves with the reflection that they have not left much good weather behind them. Only three weeks ago a party of Englishmen at Trèves were heard expressing their indignation because the Moselle had ceased to be capable of floating a steamer, and the managers of the Luxemburg Railway had not advertised this deficiency at their stations. There is doubtless water in the Moselle now, but perhaps there are not many tourists who desire to embark upon it. The "burning question" of the Thames at Richmond has been temporarily quenched; and perhaps the Chairman of the Lock Committee may now have leisure to reflect that the deliberate judgment of experienced engineers is not likely to be shaken by the pamphlet which he has circulated. The public will desire that the question should be thoroughly discussed. At present only one side has been heard—namely, the Vestry; and we do not think that they make out a strong case. At any rate it will be time enough to build the proposed lock and weir after dredging has been proved to be an ineffectual remedy.

#### POST AND DILIGENCE IN SWITZERLAND.

IT is difficult to praise too highly either the character of the Swiss people or the arrangements which they make for the accommodation of travellers in their country. They do well almost everything that they undertake, although they require a wonderful time to do it. But, as everybody who travels at all goes to Switzerland, it may be worth while to consider whether it be not possible to induce the authorities to make some further concessions to the habits and prejudices of Englishmen. There is, as every traveller knows, a standing grievance in the post-office. Complaints are perpetually made, but hitherto without redress. A case which occurred lately may be taken as the type of many others, and it will serve to show that the Swiss, although painstaking and generally accurate, commit errors in simple matters which in England would be impossible.

An Englishman arrived at Lucerne about 7 P.M., and went immediately to the post-office, handed in his card, and asked for letters. He was told that there were none for him. He then went to an hotel and engaged a room, and returned to the post-office to inquire for a bag which he had sent ten days before from Thun. By inadvertence he applied at the window of the post-office which is appropriated for letters, handed in the same card, and asked for a bag from Thun. The officer, not hearing or not understanding what was said, took the card, and began searching the heap of letters which he had searched before. Almost instantly he remarked, "I have had this card before"; and the Englishman, apologizing for the mistake, took the card to the opposite window and applied for his bag. The officer at that window looked into a pigeon-hole, found a ticket or memorandum of the name, produced the

bag, asked for the key, tried it by unlocking and locking the bag, took the signature of the owner to a receipt in a book, received the sum charged for carriage, and delivered out the bag. One cannot speak too highly of the convenience which this system affords to travellers. You start for a week's excursion, which you might prolong for a month if you pleased, and at the end of it there is your luggage waiting for you at the place to which you sent it. But this same Englishman, having spent the morning in Lucerne lounging and watching the weather, and planning a fresh excursion, went in the afternoon to the post-office, handed in the same card as before, and received two letters which had been lying there, as the post-marks showed, for several days. The letters showed that his presence in England was necessary, and if he had got the letters when he applied for them he might have been already on the way. The carelessness displayed on one side of this post-office is the more remarkable because of the method and caution adopted on the other. It would be idle to complain to the local authority of what he would regard as an inevitable accident. He would remark that, if you did not get your letter yesterday, you got it to-day; and if you complained of having been detained at Lucerne, he would answer that Lucerne is a very nice place, and contains several objects interesting to strangers. Until one gets used to these occurrences they appear inexplicable and astounding. You see a man of fifty years of age or more, bald, grey-bearded, sober, and respectable. He has probably been the father of a family and performing official and social duties for thirty years. Yet in the discharge of his daily duty he commits an oversight which would be hardly excusable in a child. The Swiss post-offices are open many hours, and it may be suggested that the officers are fatigued by long attendance. But, if so, it would be easy to provide additional clerks during the tourist season. It would appear reasonable to charge a small fee for every letter delivered out at the *poste restante*, and in a large town to appoint a clerk to attend specially to this business. This clerk should be a woman, as this is a sort of work that women usually do better than men. It is of course very convenient to get a letter from England for three-pence, but few Englishmen would object to pay even sixpence to be sure of getting it. We are told that English writing of English names is perplexing to foreigners; but surely it might be possible for clerks specially appointed to acquire sufficient skill to enable them to read that which is plainly written. People who do not write plainly have only themselves to blame, and it may be worth while to adopt for Continental use a moderately large envelope, because the small letters are in greatest danger of being overlooked. The excuse for non-delivery of a letter "that it was only a little one" may sound absurd in England, but it would probably be thought sufficient by a Swiss postmaster. At a large office the letters awaiting application are arranged alphabetically in pigeon-holes, and perhaps two of these holes may be appropriated to a single letter of the alphabet. It seems ridiculous to suppose that a clerk could search one of these two holes and omit to search the other; and yet there is little doubt that such omissions do occur. These mistakes cannot fairly be attributed to haste, because the clerk is master of the position, and may keep you waiting as long as he pleases while he searches.

Generally if you give a Swiss time enough to do a thing he will do it, and do it well. The diligence creeps at the rate of three miles an hour up a pass, but it gets safely to the top at last. The road by which that ascent is made represents the accumulated result of centuries of toil; and certainly the great roads of Switzerland as they now exist are notable examples of patience, industry, and skill. The carriage road over the Furca has been completed within a few years, primarily for military purposes, and to the great convenience of tourists. The carriage road from Andermatt to Lucerne, down the valley of the Reuss, is an older and even finer work of the same kind. One or two of the old bridges, practicable only for horses, are still standing beside the broad and solid structures which have superseded them, and these old bridges probably represent the condition of this road when the Russians and French fought for the possession of it. One cannot but admire the art with which this new road is made to turn to and from the Rhone glacier in winding upward to the Furca. It may recall the winding of the Thames below London, of which Dryden says:—

He often turns as if his mistress proud,  
With longing eyes to see her face again.

But when we have turned finally from the glacier and reached the actual Furca, why, it may be asked, should the diligence spend twenty minutes in that cold and dreary spot? Even in Switzerland horses can be changed in ten minutes, and in England the same thing could be done in a minute and a half. The coachman changes with the horses, and as there was a half of three-quarters of an hour at the Rhone glacier, the conductor can hardly need refreshment at this next stage. There is nobody to get up and nobody to get down. The station or inn, if it be an inn, may perhaps have a fascinating interior, but it looks particularly uninviting from without. It is plain that the longer the delay the worse will be the weather. Four horses have already been put to in such fashion as to leave place for another. Can it be that we are waiting for the fifth horse? This appears to be the truth, for presently the fifth horse walks up by himself and is put to. In England it would be thought strange that a coach and four horses should be kept waiting for a fifth horse. But this diligence only goes to Andermatt, and as it gets there about seven o'clock, and nobody does anything after arriving except eat, drink, smoke, and



sleep, a quarter of an hour cannot matter either way. It is, at any rate, a triumph to have dragged two or three of the biggest boxes of lady tourists over the Furca, and to have swung them safely round all the curves of the descent. If Englishmen had the management of the Swiss diligences, they would make them go about twice as fast, and would have some awful accidents every season.

Travelling by diligence in Switzerland is likely to continue on some roads for many years, and it may serve to convey some idea of what travelling by mail-coach used to be in England, remembering however that the English were much more rapid and energetic in their movements than the Swiss. The railway which now ascends the Rhone Valley as far as Sierre will be continued before long to Brieg and the Simplon, and then perhaps the question will arise whether a branch railway shall be made to Zermatt. At present the first half of the road from Vierge or Visp to Zermatt is a horse road only, and the second or further half is a carriage road. It can hardly be supposed that this imperfect arrangement will long continue, but if a carriage road is to be made over the first half, it would cost not much more to make a railway for the same distance. It has been said in England that lighter rails and slighter and cheaper work of every kind should be adopted in introducing railways into poor agricultural districts, and the same may be applicable to Switzerland. Such a railway might perhaps pay if worked for four months of the year to Zermatt, and for the other eight months it might cease working. Of course it would destroy the place, according to the ideas of those who knew and liked it as it used to be. It would become another Interlachen, and that is a strong expression. As places become equally accessible they all assimilate in character, and are all pervaded by Cook's excursionists. Having got the railway as far as Zermatt, the next thing will be to carry it to the Riffel, or even further, on the principle which has been applied at the Rigi, and some future Mr. Cook will personally conduct tourists up the Matterhorn. Already a Scotchman is said to have gone up Mont Blanc with no other company than a walking-stick, and nearly all the principal ascents have been made by women. Every ascent makes the way easier for those that follow, and besides, the establishment of hotels at high altitudes has supplied bases of operation which did not previously exist. We may perhaps over-estimate the progress of an inevitable operation, but as surely as a glacier descends into a valley so will the Yankee and the cockney ascend to all the mountains.

It may be asked, not without anxiety and regret, what will become of the Swiss people during this process of Anglicizing and Americanizing Switzerland? The rising generation are in great danger of being corrupted into touts and beggars, and in the districts most permeated by visitors the habit of roadside mendicancy in youth is likely to destroy all independence and strength of character in men. "*Hec sunt nomina eorum qui, ne sacramenti fidem fallerent, fortissime pugnantes ceciderunt.*" Where are the descendants of the people which furnished the Swiss Guards of the King of France? We are sure they must have other descendants than these dirty little boys who hold out their hands for halfpence by the roadside. Whatever may be said of the trade of a mercenary soldier, it was at least more respectable than begging. The Swiss Government should exert itself to suppress this discreditable nuisance, and if it could teach the post-office to do all its work as accurately as it does great part of it, the English tourist would have nothing to complain of except that he is liable to meet another English tourist at every turn of a mountain road. The town of Lucerne as well as other towns in Switzerland would, we think, be improved by the establishment of a few breweries and swimming-baths, after the laudable custom of South Germany. The true idea of beer appears to fade as the German frontier is left behind, and although there are lakes and rivers everywhere, it is almost impossible to find a convenient bathing-place. Some of us English carry with us tubs from home. It is a pity that we cannot also take with us our own post-office.

#### THE ST. LEGER.

THE breakdown of Gang Forward, on the very eve of his Doncaster engagement, just when he had completed a most satisfactory preparation, and had inspired his friends with the utmost confidence, is the crowning disaster of a stable long notorious for its ill-luck in great races, and of a sportsman so staunch that no disappointments can abate his zeal. It was the more unfortunate because the St. Leger field had already dwindled down to small proportions, and further every one was anxious to see another contest between Gang Forward and Kaiser, who have already run three such desperately close races this year. We need hardly remind our readers that Gang Forward beat Kaiser by a head for the Two Thousand Guineas, that Kaiser beat Gang Forward by a head for the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot, and that the pair ran a dead heat for second place in the Derby, Doncaster defeating them by a length and a half. Both horses having on all occasions displayed undoubted gameness and resolution, it would have been impossible for any handicapper to separate them; and probably, had they both come to the post last Wednesday, we should have witnessed another head and head finish between them. The theory that the Derby running was false, and that the dead-heaters for second place would be able to turn the tables on the Derby winner at Doncaster, was, as events have

turned out, entirely fallacious. As a general rule, the Derby running is subsequently confirmed to the letter, though every now and then there may be an exceptional case to the contrary. Pretender's Derby victory, for instance, was a palpable accident, the wonder being that, under all the circumstances, Pero Gomez got as near him at the finish as he did. It was a certainty that when they next met the result would be different; and at Doncaster Pero Gomez beat Pretender easily enough. A good deal was made out of Boiard beating Doncaster just as far at Paris in the Grand Prix as at Newmarket in the Two Thousand, and of both Kaiser and Gang Forward having beaten Boiard in the latter race; but, as we maintained at the time, what a horse does forty-eight hours after having been tossed about the Channel is no criterion of his real merits. Granted that Doncaster ran a stone worse horse at Paris than at Epsom, the journey was quite sufficient to account for it. At any rate, the Derby running was much the more trustworthy of the two to follow; and last Wednesday's race has proved so much. But even supposing, for argument's sake, that Doncaster ran at Epsom somewhat above his true form, what was there to be said against Marie Stuart? It was openly admitted that she was considerably superior to Doncaster; *a fortiori*, therefore, she was superior to Kaiser and Gang Forward. Exception was taken to the style in which she won her engagement last month at York; but just as much exception might have been taken to the style in which Kaiser beat Chivalrous at the same meeting. The critics also were not specially pleased with her in the early part of this week; yet once again has September sustained its character as the mares' month. Marie Stuart has followed in the footsteps of her illustrious predecessors Achievement, Formosa, and Hannah, and the Epsom running has been most strikingly confirmed.

The Leger at one time acquired rather a reputation for surprises, and that an outsider should be one of the first three was looked on quite as a matter of course. The ingenuity of backers was devoted to a search after that particular outsider which should either split two of the favourites or struggle home into the third place; and not unfrequently they were rewarded for their trouble. But this year not only was it vain to look for the winner beyond the first three in the Derby and the winner of the Oaks, but also the most careful scrutiny failed to discover anything else possessing a chance of running into a place. From the very first, Gang Forward, Kaiser, Doncaster, and Marie Stuart—and those four alone—have been supported for the Leger; and the almost unprecedented circumstance of the four favourites for a great race supplying the first, second, and third in it, was predicted as an absolute certainty. There was, indeed, for a week or two a little talk of a horse called Mendip, and if the prayers of the bookmakers could have improved his form about four stone, he might have been returned the winner of the Leger; but York came, Mendip made his appearance in public, and forthwith the bubble burst. Such is the paucity of good three-year-olds this year, that it was doubtful how many owners might think it worth their while to oppose the formidable four; and had not the sudden collapse of Gang Forward brought back to people's minds the extraordinary chances of racing, the field of eight which ultimately faced the starter might have been still further reduced. Three out of the eight, Doncaster, Marie Stuart, and Merry Sunshine, were the property of Mr. Merry; and Kaiser, Chandos, Andred, Negro, and Mestizo—who ran third on Tuesday in the Great Yorkshire Handicap—made up the number. A ninth competitor, Miss Buckland, was in the paddock, but as the three favourites were sound and well, and showed no signs of breaking down, she did not have the trouble of going to the post. Chandos, Andred, and Negro, we need hardly say, were started on the off chance; for unless Marie Stuart and Doncaster had tripped up Kaiser and tumbled over him, there could have been no hope of any one of them attracting the judge's notice. The three favourites were of course the only horses scrutinized in the paddock with any attention; and it was generally admitted that three better trained horses had seldom been brought out for a great race. Kaiser was as compact and muscular as ever, and Doncaster had evidently had a careful preparation, and looked a much improved horse since the Derby. Marie Stuart was, perhaps, the least liked of the three; but she too was perfectly trained. Mr. Merry made no declaration, and, it was understood, supported the horse and the mare separately; but Marie Stuart was ridden by his first jockey in his first colours, and that would popularly be regarded as a hint which was considered by the stable the better of the two. With so small a field the starter had of course no difficulty, and the only one of the eight who lost a little ground at the beginning was Merry Sunshine, whose mission was to force the pace for his stable companions. Hopper, however, speedily got him to the front, and he did his work satisfactorily enough for the first mile, Doncaster, Marie Stuart, and Kaiser following throughout in close company with each other. His mission being accomplished, Merry Sunshine dropped back, and the three favourites came round the bend into the straight together, Kaiser being in the centre, Marie Stuart next the rails, and Doncaster on Kaiser's right. We may add that even at this point there was nothing else in the race, and it was an absolute certainty that to these three would be left the first three places. At the commencement of the enclosure Kaiser was in difficulties, and Doncaster and Marie Stuart raced away from him, and fought out by themselves one of the finest finishes ever seen. No winning declaration having been made, each jockey tried his hardest to win, and both T. Osborne and F. Webb rode admirably. It was as nearly as possible a dead heat between the pair, but the judge's verdict was in favour of Marie Stuart by a

short head. Three lengths off, Kaiser was third, and the remainder were scattered a long way. Had a winning declaration been made, it would have been perfectly legitimate not to persevere with one stable companion against another; but the regret one could not help feeling at the sight of these two gallant horses wasting their powers in racing each other down was mitigated by the satisfaction of witnessing one of the finest finishes that ever took place on the famous Town Moor of Doncaster. The result was in strict accordance with the Derby running—making allowance, of course, for the fact that at Epsom Doncaster was not fit, and that since then he has made the improvement that was anticipated. When not nearly prepared he beat Kaiser by a length and a half; now, when thoroughly wound up, he beats him by double that distance. Similarly, in June, Marie Stuart could give Doncaster 7 lbs.; in September he can give her 5 lbs. and run her to a head. This is about the real state of the case:—Doncaster has improved 12 lbs. since Epsom, and Kaiser and Marie Stuart are about the same now as they were then. Marie Stuart would have won the Derby, had she been engaged in it, by a length and a half from Doncaster, assuming they would both have been ridden out; and this week she beats Kaiser just as far as she would have beaten him then. It is, of course, not to be supposed for a moment that Gang Forward's presence would have made any difference in the result of last Wednesday's race. He has shown himself much too honest and true a horse to admit of any mistake being made in estimating his form. Where Kaiser has finished he has always finished; and where Kaiser finished in the Leger, Gang Forward would have finished also. Two desperate struggles would have gone on at the same moment—one for the first, one for the third place; and, as it was almost a dead-heat for the one, so it would have been almost a dead-heat for the other. But more than that Gang Forward could not have done. Thus, after a long and honourable connexion with the Turf, one of the best of British sportsmen quits it in a blaze of triumph, the Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger having fallen to him in a single year. Not that the yellow jacket and black cap are immediately to disappear from the race-course; for we understand that Mr. Merry intends to run the horses he has in training through their engagements before finally retiring, and rumour credits him with the possession of some two-year-olds worthy of his colours. But it is said that he does not purpose to breed any more racing stock; and we can only regret that there seems no likelihood of any men of his stamp coming forward to supply his place. We wish it were otherwise; for the Turf is not in a very flourishing condition, high prices for blood stock notwithstanding.

We must not omit to mention that since Goodwood one of the finest horsemen of the day has passed away, a victim, like many another jockey, to the exigencies of his profession. T. French was quite in the first class as a rider. No jockey of the present day equalled him in the grace and ease of his seat on horseback; and he possessed a cool head, good judgment, and excellent hands. He was a capital judge of pace, and in the power and resolution of his finishes he approached more nearly to Fordham than any of his professional brethren. He was also a humane rider, and never punished his horses with unnecessary severity. He carried off many of the highest prizes of the Turf, the Derby in two consecutive years falling to his share with Kingcraft and Favonius. His character was unimpeachable, and his services will be greatly missed by his numerous employers.

## REVIEWS.

SARA COLERIDGE.\*

**S**ARA COLERIDGE, the subject of the Memoir and writer of the letters contained in these two delightful volumes, was daughter of the poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and wife of her cousin Henry Nelson Coleridge, a barrister and accomplished scholar and author of merit, whose literary achievements and fame were stunted by weak health and an early death. Sara Coleridge—what associations hover round this name! Her mother was Sara:—

My pensive Sara! thy soft cheek reclined  
Thus on mine arm, most soothing, sweet it is  
To sit beside our cot, our cot o'ergrown  
With white-flowered jasmine and the broad-leaved myrtle—  
Meet emblems they of innocence and love!

Such is the beginning of a beautiful poem addressed by the poet to his wife, soon after their marriage, nearly eighty years ago, in 1795, in a little cottage at Clevedon, near Bristol, rent five pounds a year, in which the bridal pair were housed, waiting on the future, and living meanwhile on the scanty profits of literary work provided by the kind-hearted bookseller Cottle. Coleridge and Southey married two sisters, "milliners of Bath," as Lord Byron had the brutality to write. These milliners were admirable women and noble wives. Another sister married about the same time Lovell, a devoted friend of Coleridge and Southey, whose father was a wealthy Birmingham manufacturer, and who, superior in worldly means, eagerly joined with his two friends, whose only wealth was their wits, in the grand scheme of a model colony, Pantisocracy, on the banks of the Susquehanna. Wives were necessary articles in this scheme of emigration to America. Another friend,

Burnet, equally bent on Pantisocracy, proposed to a fourth sister, who, as Sara Coleridge the niece tells us in her fragment of autobiography, proudly refused him, "seeing that he only wanted a wife in a hurry, not her individually of the world." It is refreshing to read Sara Coleridge's account, in the little autobiography which she began not very long before her death, of two maiden aunts, milliners, one of them Martha, who had refused Burnet:—

Talking of struggles and trials of life, my mother's two unmarried sisters were maintaining themselves at this time by their own labours. Aunt Martha, the elder, a plain, but lively, pleasing woman, about five feet high, or little more, was earning her bread as a dressmaker. . . . Aunt Eliza, a year or twenty months younger, about the same height, or but a barleycorn above it, was thought pretty in youth, from her innocent blue eyes, ingenuous florid countenance, fine light-brown hair, and easy light motions. She was not nearly so handsome in face, however, as my mother and Aunt Lovell, and had not my Aunt Southey's fine figure and quietly commanding air. Yet, on the whole, she was very feminine, pleasing, and attractive. Both sisters sang, but had never learned music artistically.

Such were my Aunts Martha and Elizabeth Fricker in youth; but they had sterling qualities, which gave their characters a high respectability. Without talent, except of an ordinary kind, without powerful connexions, by life-long perseverance, fortitude, and determination, by prudence, patience, and punctuality, they not only maintained themselves, but, with a little aid from kind friends, whom their merits won, they laid by a comfortable competency for their old age. They asked few favours, accepted few obligations, and were most scrupulous in returning such as they did accept, as soon as possible. They united caution and discretion with perfect honesty and truth, strict frugality and self-control, with the disposition to be kind and charitable, and even liberal, as soon as ever it was in their power. . . . Upon the whole, they were admirable women.

Seven years pass after marriage, and Coleridge and his wife are settled at Keswick, in the same house with Southey and his wife; and at Greta Hall, Keswick, Sara, the heroine of this charming book, was born December 22, 1802. She had two elder brothers—Hartley, the eldest, and Derwent, the present Rector of Hanwell; a third, Berkeley, died in infancy. Her father wrote a description of her in 1803:—"My meek little Sara is a remarkably interesting baby, with the finest possible skin, and large blue eyes; and she smiles as if she were basking in a sunshine, as mild as moonlight, of her own quiet happiness." She was a weak and delicate child, and at nine years of age was frightened out of her wits when left alone in bed and in the dark; brooding over ghastly pictures which had come across her in books; and, "last and worst, came my Uncle Southey's ballad horrors—above all, the 'Old Woman of Berkeley.'" Here we have a touching notice of her father's tenderness:—

My Uncle Southey laughed heartily at my agonies. I mean at the cause. He did not enter into the agonies. Even mama scolded me for creeping out of bed after an hour's torture, and stealing down to her in the parlour, saying I could bear the loneliness and the night-fears no longer. But my father understood the case better. He insisted that a lighted candle should be left in my room, in the interval between my retiring to bed and mama's joining me. From that time forth my sufferings ceased. I believe they would have destroyed my health had they continued.

But in after life she remembered Southey with no feelings but those of gratitude, affection, and respect. The daughter who edits these volumes writes pleasantly and wisely on the influences of the great minds, Southey's, Wordsworth's, Coleridge's, under which Sara Coleridge's intellect grew and ripened:—

Of all the personal influences which had to do with the formation of my mother's mind and character in early life, by far the most important were those exercised by the two eminent men with whom she was so intimately connected by ties of kindred or affection, her uncle Southey, and her father's friend Mr. Wordsworth. In attempting to estimate the value of these various impressions, and trace them to their respective source, I am but repeating her own remark when I say, that in matters of the intellect and imagination, she owed most to Mr. Wordsworth. In his noble poetry she took an ever-increasing delight, and his impressive discourse, often listened to on summer rambles over the mountains, or in the winter parlours of Greta Hall and Rydal Mount, served to guide her taste, and cultivate her understanding. But in matters of the heart and conscience, for right views of duty and practical lessons of industry, truthfulness and benevolence, she was "more, and more importantly, indebted to the daily life and example of her admirable Uncle Southey;" whom she long afterwards emphatically declared to have been "upon the whole, the best man she had ever known."

There is a third province of human nature besides those of the intellect and the moral sense—that of the spiritual, where the pure spirit of Sara Coleridge breathed freely, as in an "ampler ether, a diviner air." In these serene and lofty regions she wandered hand in hand with her father, whose guidance she willingly followed, with a just confidence in his superior wisdom, yet with no blind or indiscriminating submission. He, like herself, was but a traveller through the heavenly country, whose marvels they explored together; and the sun of Reason was above them both to light them on their way.

In youth she was a retired and severe student. She read the best Latin and Greek classics in the ancient languages, having acquired them, says the daughter, mainly by her own efforts; and in the same way she also learned French, Italian, German, and Spanish, and made herself well acquainted with natural history in all its branches, especially botany and zoology. Before she was twenty she worked out by herself a translation of a Latin book of an Austrian missionary in South America, Dobrizhoffer's "Account of the Abipones, an Equestrian People of Paraguay." Her translation filled three octavo volumes; she got 125*l.* for it. The work was undertaken by her to assist a brother in his college expenses, and it is pleasant to add that the assistance was in the end not needed; the brother obtained the money by his own exertions, and Sara was able to invest the produce of her pious labours on her own account. Dobrizhoffer done, she was next year engaged on another translation from the French of the sixteenth century, "Memoirs of the Chevalier Bayard"; and it was about this time that she was seen by the author of *Philip Van Artevelde*,

\* *Memoir and Letters of Sara Coleridge*. Edited by her Daughter. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1873.



who went to visit his friend Southey, in whose house Sara Coleridge was staying. Sir Henry Taylor has written an interesting letter to Sara Coleridge's daughter Edith, who edits these volumes. The fair skin, the large eyes, and the quiet gentleness which her father commemorated in babyhood remained, at twenty-one, and are thus portrayed by one whose poetry and prose—see the chapter in the *Statesman* concerning the amusements of a statesman—attest his appreciation of woman's beauty:—

I have always been glad that I did see her in her girlhood, because I then saw her beauty untouched by time, and it was a beauty which could rest in one's memory for life, and which is now distinctly before me as I write. The features were perfectly shaped, and almost minutely delicate, and the complexion delicate also, but not wanting in colour, and the general effect was that of gentleness, indeed I may say of composure, even to stillness. Her eyes were large, and they had the sort of serene lustre which I remember in her father's.

The large serene eyes are well rendered in the two engravings which adorn these beautifully got-up volumes, one from a miniature of early life, and the other from a portrait by Samuel Laurence in her widowhood. The large eyes and fine complexion and gentle manner again appear in the well-known poem "The Triad," in which Wordsworth described her, when she was twenty-six, with her two friends from childhood, his own daughter Dora, and Sara's cousin Edith Southey:—

Come with each anxious hope subdued  
By woman's gentle fortitude,  
Each grief, through meekness, settling into rest.  
—Or I would hail thee when some high-wrought page  
Of a closed volume lingering in thy hand  
Has raised thy spirit to a peaceful stand  
Among the glories of a happier age.  
Her brow hath opened on me—see it there,  
Brightening the unbrage of her hair;  
So gleams the crescent moon, that loves  
To be descried through shady groves.  
Tenderest bloom is on her cheek;  
Wish not for a richer streak;  
Nor dread the depth of meditative eye.

The "anxious hope subdued by fortitude," the "grief through meekness settling into rest," are references to an engagement which had now subsisted for six years, and which was to be crowned in the next by a happy marriage. She had first met her cousin Henry Nelson Coleridge, in 1822, at Highgate, in the house of Mr. Gillman, where her father was domiciliated. The dreadful habit of opium-eating, contracted through illness and severe pain, had completely overmastered the poet, and he at last found wholesome and friendly refuge in the care and under the roof of Mr. Gillman, an excellent surgeon and a wise and benevolent man. He had been living there since April 1816, and continued to live there till his death. Sara was married September 3, 1829.

Sara Coleridge's correspondence in this work begins in 1833. Her father died July 25, 1834. The Gillman household was inconceivable; the servants wept for the kind, considerate old man. The accounts of his exceeding amiability carry us back to the early days in which Wordsworth described him in his "Stanzas written in my Pocket-Copy of Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*." Sara Coleridge thus describes her husband's feeling towards her father:—

My dear Henry was deeply sensible of his good as well as his great qualities; it was not for his genius only that he revered him, and it has been one of many blessings attendant on my marriage that by it we were both drawn into closer communion with that gifted spirit than could otherwise have been the case.

For Sara and her husband lived in London, and Coleridge at Highgate in isolation from his family. In the very beginning of 1843 Sara Coleridge lost her husband. There were two children; three, two of them twins, had died in infancy. Sara had been indefatigable in training her children, and was equal to teaching Latin and Greek to her son. She nobly resigned herself to her great loss. Here is a characteristic letter written to Mr. Justice Coleridge, her husband's brother, when death was inevitable and imminent:—

January 1843.—I now feel quite happy, or, at least, satisfied. Could I arrest his progress to a better sphere of existence by prayer, I would not utter it. When I once know that it is God's will, I can feel that it is right, even if there were no such definite assurances of rest and felicity beyond this world. I cannot be too thankful to God, so far as my own best interests are concerned, that He is thus removing from earth to heaven my greatest treasure, while I have strength and probably time to benefit by the measure, and learn to look habitually above; which now will not be the spirit against the flesh, but both pulling one way, for the heart will follow the treasure. Thus graciously does the Blessed Jesus condescend to our infirmities, by earthly things leading us to heavenly ones.

In September 1845 her mother, who, old and infirm, was living with her, died suddenly while she was absent on a short visit. The successive deaths of those dear to her figure largely in this correspondence; each is the subject of touching letters; and, forced to select, we prefer quoting from these, as they present her character in a most lovable aspect, and each of those she mourned is a character of public interest in the Coleridge group. She now writes about her mother's death to Mr. Justice Coleridge:—

I feel more than ever the longing to go and join them that are gone—but for my children. But the greatest tie to earth is gone from me, for even the children could do better without me than she could have done.

I always looked forward to nursing her through a long last illness. I know not how it was, I could never help looking forward to it with a sort of satisfaction. I day-dreamed about it—according to the usual way of my mind—and cut it out in fancy all in my own way. She was to waste away gradually, without much suffering, and to become more and more

placid in spirit, and filled with the anticipation of heavenly things. I thought, too, that this would help to prepare me for my change. Now I seem as if a long cherished prospect had been snatched away from me. I thank God I was not thus suddenly separated from Henry.

In January 1849 her eldest brother, Hartley, died. His dying bedside was attended by Wordsworth, soon himself to die in very old age. Sara Coleridge wrote at this time to a lady friend:—

It soothes me to think of all the love and sorrow of the Wordsworths, and that by their wish—it would have been his too—his remains are laid as near as possible to the spot where they are to lie, in the south-east corner of Grasmere churchyard, near the river, amid the cluster of graves which belong to the Wordsworths,—dear bright-minded, warm-hearted Dora, who never spoke of him but with praise and affection,—and others of the family still earlier removed. But oh! how little did I think that I was never to see him more!

Yet fifteen months more, and in April 1850 Wordsworth, the friend of Sara from infancy, the dear instructor of her youth, died, at the age of eighty. His death was quiet and painless. Sara Coleridge writes:—

Thank God, that our dear and honoured friend was spared severe suffering! For days I have been haunted and depressed with the fear that he had to go through a stage of protracted anguish. He could afford the torpor of the dying bed. His work was done, and gloriously done, before, and will survive, I think, as long as those hills amid which he lived and thought, at least, if this continues to be a land of cultivated intellects, of poets and students of poetry.

Sara Coleridge's own time of leaving the world came, after an illness of a year and a half, on May 3, 1852. She had lived nine years of widowhood, and the education of her children had been her principal employment. There are few mothers equal to teaching a boy *Cæsar* and *Virgil*; but the woman is a very rare phenomenon who can read *Homer* and *Aristophanes* with a son preparing for Oxford honours. Much of her widowed time had been spent in editing her father's works; in this she had aided her husband while he lived, and on his death the whole work devolved on her. Her essay on Rationalism appended to the last edition of the *Aids to Reflection*, and her abundant notes and dissertations on the *Biographia Literaria*, attest her qualifications for the task. We should say indeed of her edition of the *Biographia Literaria* that it would have been better both for the father's fascinating book and for the daughter-editor if she could have confined notes to simple facts and trivial ordinary explanations, and woven her own brilliant thoughts and varied learning into a separate, continuous, systematic treatise, which might have appeared, in equal dignity of type, as part of one composite work. Such a result might yet possibly be achieved by the pious labour of her clever daughter. The book at present, studded and overcharged with long small type notes in brackets and appendices, is an uncomfortable one, and Sara Coleridge has done injustice to herself.

We are compelled to leave these volumes with a feeling that space does not permit us to give an adequate idea of all the various interest of Sara Coleridge's correspondence. We could have wished to give specimens of her very just, subtle, and concise criticisms on authors of every sort and time—poets, moralists, historians, and philosophers. We refer specially for samples of acute criticism in few words to passing remarks on Dr. Chalmers, Walter Savage Landor, and Sir Arthur Helps. She worships Milton, the man as well as the poet, and is unusually appreciative of Dryden. She has made an important contribution to a subject already very rich, Wordsworth criticism. Sara Coleridge, as she is revealed, or rather reveals herself, in the correspondence, makes a brilliant addition to a brilliant family reputation.

#### AMOS'S ENGLISH CONSTITUTION AND GOVERNMENT.\*

PROFESSOR AMOS tells us in his Introduction that the writing of the present book "extended over a considerable period of time, and from day to day, as each part of it was composed, that part was submitted to the Commissioners of an illustrious Foreign Government, for whose use alone the work was undertaken." What Foreign Government is referred to is, we dare say, no secret among the initiated; for our own part we cannot so much as guess. But we can quite understand the effect which has been wrought on Mr. Amos's book by its owing its origin to such a cause. In a *Primer of the English Constitution and Government* written under ordinary circumstances we should have looked for two things, both of which are largely wanting in the book before us. We should have looked for a fuller account of the historical origin of our institutions, and we should have looked for a clearer distinction between those points in our Constitution and Government, as practically understood, which rest on the enactments of the written law, and those no less important points which are simply matters of conventional understanding. Mr. Amos gives us hardly anything on the first head, and very little on the second. No doubt the illustrious Foreign Government was, not unnaturally, careless on both heads. Its Commissioners doubtless wanted to know the actual working of the English Constitution at the present time, rather than the process by which it came into being, or the often subtle distinctions between its strictly legal and its conventional features. The difficulties which Mr. Amos felt in this matter are set forth in his own preface:—

One great difficulty experienced by the writer arose out of the historical character of most of the institutions of the English Government. Not to deal in any measure with this historical character must be to leave large

\* *A Primer of the English Constitution and Government.* By Sheldon Amos, M.A. London: Longmans & Co. 1873.

masses of the subject wholly unintelligible. To dwell unduly on the historical aspects even of any portion of the subject would distract the attention from the main purpose in view, and, in fact, deluge the mind with what, in the present case, could only be irrelevant matter. Thus a constant exercise of discretion was needed as to when to admit, and when to exclude, references to historical antecedents.

Another difficulty of the same kind as the former one turned on the question as to what were the actual institutions which ought to be presented to the attention of a Foreign Government as characteristically English at the present day. Certainly institutions on the verge of becoming obsolete ought not so to be presented. Nor, on the other hand, ought wholly new and scarcely tried institutions to be so presented. It rested with the writer in every case to use his own discretion, and only to represent those institutions as permanent and eminently characteristic which he himself believed to be so.

Through this last distinction Mr. Amos says that he has been in many cases compelled to take a side, and, in describing recent measures, to point out the arguments for or against them. Of this no reasonable person can complain, even when Mr. Amos does take a side. But in many cases he judicially sets before us the arguments on two sides, or on more than two sides, without committing himself to any of them. Thus, while speaking of the House of Lords, he draws out at length the current objections that are made to its constitution, and the remedies which are suggested. But he does not commit himself to any of them, unless, as he uses two formulas, "It is felt," and "It is felt by some," we are to understand that the things which are "felt" express his own feelings, while those which are "felt by some" express the feelings of others. If so, Mr. Amos decidedly commits himself to the necessity of having an "other House" of some kind, but he does not commit himself either to its present constitution or to any scheme for improving it. Mr. Amos's account of all things relating to the central Government is clear and accurate enough. From our own point of view, we hardly like to see the existing state of things described, either with so little notice of its historical origin, or with so little of comparison with the institutions, past and present, of other countries. But of these two chasms the Commissioners of the illustrious Foreign Government could most likely fill up the second for themselves, while they most likely did not care about having the first filled up at all. And anyhow it is much better to give an accurate view of things as they are, and to leave their origin untouched, than to put forth such astounding speculations about past times as Blackstone wrote and Serjeant Stephen did not always cut out. It was better to be simply told that the succession to the Crown is regulated by an Act of Parliament passed in 1700 than to flounder about like Blackstone in attempts to show that, because the Crown is hereditary now, therefore it must have been hereditary always. It is a great thing to be right as far as you go, and Mr. Amos commonly takes care to be that. Yet even he cannot help telling us that "the Sovereign is said to be the 'head of the National Church.'" We suppose it is hopeless to try to get this notion out of the head of any lawyer; still it is wearying to have to repeat for the thousandth time that the title which was borne by Henry and Edward was laid down by Mary, and not taken up again by Elizabeth. And the description which Mr. Amos gives between commas, as if it were a formal title, makes the thing queerer still; for though two Sovereigns were called "Supreme Head of the Church of England," no one was ever called "Head of the National Church."

An example of Mr. Amos's doctrine "that wholly new and scarcely tried institutions ought not to be presented to the attention of a Foreign Government as characteristically English at the present day" comes out when he has to describe the manner of Parliamentary elections. The old mode of open voting is very properly described as fully as the new mode of voting by Ballot. The Foreign Government can thus learn exactly what the change is. Indeed Mr. Amos's account almost reads as if the description of open voting had been written while it was still law, and as if the description of the Ballot had been added afterwards. And Mr. Amos brings out what many people never could be made to understand—namely, that the show of hands was a real election, and that the poll was simply an appeal from the show of hands, or rather, in strictness, from the Returning Officer's decision as to the show of hands. Hardly anybody seemed to take in the fact that, if the party defeated on the show of hands did not demand a poll, the election by the show of hands was perfectly good. On the other hand, Mr. Amos seems hardly to see his way through the popular confusion about a man having two votes—that is to say, his being able to vote for two or more candidates; and in p. 14 he says:—

The method adopted in those exceptional constituencies, in each of which three or four Members have to be elected, is to allow each elector to vote for all the candidates but one. In this way, if any one candidate have a fair number of supporters who vote for him and for no one else, even though they do not compose a majority of the voters, he is pretty sure to be elected.

What is evidently meant is, not that each elector can vote for all the candidates but one, but that he can vote for a number of candidates less by one than the number of members to be elected.

Now and then Mr. Amos seems to indulge in a mild vein of sarcasm, as when he says that "there is no rule against long speeches, but if a member is over-long or tedious, the House sometimes interrupts him by making a great noise." And again, after describing the right of petition, Mr. Amos says, "Sometimes petitions have many thousands of names attached, and they are said to have a certain influence on the House."

In the part which relates to local government, or at least to the local administration of justice, Mr. Amos seems to have taken

less pains than in the part which relates to the general government of the country. It is hardly accurate to say that Justices of the Peace "must be chosen from residents in the county holding land worth at least a hundred a year." Nor are all Justices quite so hardly worked as they would be if, as Mr. Amos twice tells us, Petty Sessions were "held in each town or even large village in the county about once a week." Nor is it true to say, with regard to cases tried at Petty Sessions, "Even in these cases the prisoner can generally, if he prefers it, have his trial take place at Quarter Sessions instead of at Petty Sessions." This only applies to those cases, a small minority of those which come before Petty Sessions, which come under the Criminal Justice Act, and in these it is worth noticing that the prisoner almost always prefers the more summary method of trial. The Grand Jury is spoken of twice. In the first case it is said to be formed of "persons living in the county, and not very poor." In the next page we read:—

Grand Jurymen must be *freeholders*—that is, having an estate in land for life at least—resident in the county. They are usually taken from among the Justices of the Peace. It has already been seen that their function is to determine at Quarter Sessions or at Assizes whether a trial of a prisoner shall take place or not.

A reader might from this be led to suppose that a Grand Jury at Quarter Sessions usually consists of Justices of the Peace, which of course is impossible where the Justices themselves form the Court. So directly after we read "Special Jurymen are persons described as 'esquires,' 'bankers,' or 'merchants,'" without any mention of the new class which has been added to those three. Once or twice also we are told that one of the duties of Petty Sessions is "granting licences to shoot certain birds"—a duty which we had always thought was laid on quite another class of functionaries. Nor again do we in the least understand the following description:—

The County Constabulary in each County or Parliamentary Division of a County consist of—

A Chief Constable, (appointed by the Justices in Quarter Sessions); or two Chief Constables, if the County has been so divided as to send Members of Parliament for each Division.

What has the Chief Constable to do with the Parliamentary divisions of the county? Perhaps Mr. Amos is thinking of counties like Yorkshire and Sussex, which are divided for magisterial as well as for Parliamentary purposes.

In quite another department we are surprised to see the Admiralty and Ecclesiastical Courts put under the head of *Common Law*. Have both "corpora juris" so utterly vanished from among us? On the other hand, we hear in another place, still more oddly, of "Civil Law proceedings in the Court of Queen's Bench, and in other Courts" which we had always looked on as purely insular.

Mr. Amos has some remarks on what he calls "an increasing tendency in England at the present day, at the bidding of medical or other scientific specialists, to commit practically irresponsible functions to the police." His remarks on this head are strongly put, and are worthy of attention. We do not understand what Mr. Amos means by a sentence in his last page but one:—

Most of the buildings, that is, the churches and cathedrals, used for public worship are, in some sense, the property of the nation, and are only used by the ministers of the Church appointed from time to time as trustees for the nation.

All the appointments to Bishoprics, Archbishoprics, and Deaneries (that is, the presidency of bodies of ministers attached to a cathedral church, and called "Chapters,") are in the gift of the Crown, and a large number of appointments to minor positions, or "livings," are also in the gift of the Crown.

In what sense are churches the property of the nation? In what sense are those, whether clergy or congregations, who have a freehold right in them trustees for the nation? We should certainly not have expected Mr. Amos to fall into the vulgar notion that, because the tenure of Church property, like the tenure of anything else, can be altered by Act of Parliament, therefore Church property or ecclesiastical buildings are "the property of the nation" in some unexplained sense in which other freeholds are not.

#### JERNINGHAM ON GREECE AND THE PORTE.\*

BEING appointed to fill the minor diplomatic post vacated by one of the victims of the unhappy affair at Delisi, Mr. Hubert Jerningham has filled a very agreeable volume with the tale of his excursions from time to time during the last three years among scenes of classic or Oriental interest. He has brought to his task the resources of a good classical education, a considerable amount of historical and general reading, and ready powers of observation. His style, though none the better for an intermixture of slang, which seems not so much natural to him as affected in deference to what may be presumed to be a fashionable taste, is lively, clear, and picturesque. Going over ground by this time thoroughly trodden and familiar to educated readers, he had of course no great material for novel or original remarks, or for discoveries of striking moment in nature or art. The best he could do was to put on record the impressions of a mind decidedly above the average in the face of scenes visited for the first time, illustrating and vivifying them by such touches of literary skill and taste as his stores of reading brought to his command upon the spot. The lightness of heart which youth, health, and buoyant spirits cannot fail to

\* To and from Constantinople. By Hubert E. H. Jerningham. With Illustrations. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1873.



engender in the presence of natural beauty and unusual aspects of life is becoming tempered by the mood of thought which suggests memories of the past, and finds food for serious reflection in the contrast between things old and new. A vein of sober and improving thought thus runs through the lightest portions of the narrative, and awakens in the reader an interest in the future career of one whose official life has begun so well. The well-being of our diplomatic services must in no slight degree depend upon our having a succession of young men not merely trained to routine, but gifted with original powers of observation and thought; and though what was known as the high school of politics may be a thing of the past, it will be well for our foreign relations if we can point to a reserve of young members of the service who are as ready to observe and think and write upon foreign themes as the author of the volume before us, who is already favourably known by his *Life in a French Château*, and his translation of Baron Hübnér's *Sixtus V.*

Mr. Jerminham's Homeric recollections made the approach to Greek waters and shores a succession of bright and suggestive visions, and his geographical studies are called up to give names and associations to each island, rock, and headland. Is this the isle of Calypso (*Ὠπλόκαμος*), the centre of the sea (*ὁμοῦλος θαλάσσης*) as Delphi was of the earth? He inclines with D'Anville to the belief that Fano is no other than the Homeric Ogygia, rather than Pantellaria or Malta; seeing rightly no great objection in the fact of Ulysses taking twenty-one days to get thence to Corfu, whither steam conveyed our travelling party in not much above half that number of hours. "A darned spot," an unclassical American on board pronounced the rock, "only fit for sharpening a slate-pencil." Reaching the green isle of the old sea-loving Phœnicians, no gentle Nausicaa, his favourite character in history or romance, met our traveller with her charms and winning ways, but only the inevitable commissionaire with his obsequious service to the "Signor Segretario," an appellation which was as yet pleasing from its novelty. Poetical taste led him to look for the river whither Ulysses was directed by Ino (*καλλισθενος*), and for the site of old Corecyra, while etymological instincts busied him with the problem, What does Corecyra come from? He seems indeed rather confused here. Schliemann, he says, derives it "from *κορυφώ*, the Byzantine form of *Κίρυννα*, as it is styled on old coins, referring to the two double-coned hills on which the modern fortress is built." Of course what Schliemann meant was that the modern name Corfu was thence taken. Delighted as the Greeks appear at being in possession of the Ionian Islands, our author questions whether the islanders do not regret their English masters. The trade of the place has declined, while the strength of their so-called key to the Adriatic is such that one Krupp or good-sized Armstrong gun would capture the place in a few hours. Running over in his mind the many masters the island has had during the 2,500 years of its history—having belonged since mythic times to the Corinthians, the Macedonians, the Romans, the Byzantine Greeks, the Normans of the Crusades, the Venetians, the Turks, the French, the English, and the modern Hellenes—he finds in these diversities of rule, not only the cause of a hybrid jargon or a mongrel population, but the source of a bullying roughness or a cunning which is allied to fear, as well as of the ignorance which must naturally result from the impossibility of forming a dialect of their own. There is in this observation, we cannot doubt, the key to much that baffles ordinary explanation in the character of the modern Hellenic people. Passing Ithaca by night, our author could but sigh over the lost opportunity of treading the soil, barren as it now is, once hallowed by the steps of the wandering hero and his patiently loving mate. The day dawning over Navarino brought up political musings of a more recent kind upon the "untoward" action which made those waters famous in our time. Classic memories were again stirred as the steamer crept slowly under Sunium's lofty steep, and mixed with snatches of Byron as the traveller in view of Salamis stepped on shore at the Piræus. Sadly were these dreams dispelled when a so-called son of Athens tapped him familiarly on the back, to say that facing him was the tomb of Themistocles. To a request for his card, "I am Miltiades," was the reply, with a savage grin, "at your service." "Miltiades a *laquais de place*!" "I knew them all; those poor gentlemen of Marathon." The memory of that unhappy event still weighs upon the public feeling of Athens, and imparts an air of gloom and dullness to the life of the place. Instead of the free and joyous going to and fro of reckless sight-seers, no one can now consider himself in safety who ventures a mile out of Athens by himself. Indeed so timid did Mr. Jerminham find everybody, that a walk up Lycabettus, a hill which is as much a part of Athens as the Acropolis itself, was considered to be a rash and an unwise act. The road from Athens to the Piræus was guarded by a mounted patrol day and night. Phalerum had to be given up as a bathing-place, it having been reported to the police that bathers had been watched, and that daily riders to the place had been marked. Athens was in fact, to all intents and purposes, a besieged city, and the only consolation to a classical student was found in the happy thought that he felt as the Athenians did when the Spartans first invaded Attica.

To remain there, however, cooped up with no brighter outlook than this was more than human patience could stand. A trip to the Morea, where the roads were reported to be more secure, was accordingly planned. At the request of Her Majesty's Minister, orders were telegraphed to Nauplia to furnish an escort for a party of three, and no pains were spared to secure their safety during the first trip undertaken in Greece by foreigners since the Marathon catastrophe. Our author is careful to show that

he and his friends were well aware how little sympathy they could expect from their countrymen at home had they, by want of proper precautionary measures, got themselves and the Greek Government into new difficulties. With minds at ease they started for the Piræus one Sunday night in September, embarking on board the *Ὁμόνοια* (*Concord*), amongst a crowd of passengers with varied dresses and a decided prevalence of handsome faces, which seemed to frown upon the strangers as if they were responsible for the gross indignity of insisting that two English lawyers should be present at the Delissi inquiry. Skirting the picturesque monastery of Calavria, overlooked by the temple of Neptune, where Demosthenes died by his own hands, and the glorious island of Hydra—which carried the mind on from olden to modern times, calling up the patriotic names of Conduriotti, Miaoulis, Tombazi, and Boudouri, and over against which is the village of Kastri (the ancient Hermione, it is thought) one of the mouths of hell, by which Persephone was forcibly carried off thither—the party was welcomed by the Nomarch of Nauplia. Of this place the chief attraction is the strong fortress of Palamede, built by the Venetians upon a site where a classic mind could not but picture Palamede, son of Nauplius, discovering the pretended madness of Ulysses. Our author, it must be said, is even exceptionally qualified for the enjoyment of the romance which centres in spots like these, displaying as he does an apparently implicit belief in the mythological lore which lingers about classic sites, albeit his state of belief belongs to what may be called the pre-scientific period. Although he quotes Smith's Dictionaries, and gives intimations here and there of having tasted the stronger meat of Professor Max Müller and Mr. Cox, he would seem to have been reared more probably upon the milk of Lempière. He thinks nothing of mixing up topographical and historical details of the day with the jealousy of Juno at the flirtations of Jupiter with the fair ones of Argos. It is simple matter of fact with him that Tiryns and Mycenæ were built, the one by Prætus in 1400 B.C., and the other by Perseus a generation later. Yet he has obviously read up a good deal both of modern and earlier history, and has prepared himself with much reading of Pausanias and Strabo, of Colonel Leake and Mr. Finlay, for appreciating and setting forth the points of interest along his route. His trip to Mount Athos, and his description of the many monasteries which crown the hills, or nestle among the defiles, if wanting in the bibliographical learning and scholarly finish of Curzon, are marked by much point and power of observation. Though feeling somewhat tongue-tied upon questions of current politics, he lays his finger upon the sore spot which threatens the independence and vitality alike of the ecclesiastical and the political action of Greece. We trust it is not likely to compromise the old *Ægoumenos* (as our author writes the name), who, with defective notions of things English, showed himself remarkably up in topics of the day, that he descanted freely to the English attaché upon the irrepressible encroachments of Russia, adding that, in his mind, the movement was, historically speaking, very natural. In the same way that nations rise on the ruins of others, so, he said, communities that die are replaced by others. The same reflection was enforced by a conversation with a sagacious old monk at Iveron, who had been a doctor and had seen the world. Stereotyped or petrified forms, decayed morals, intrusion of the Slave element, and the alienation of their lands to Russia, are eating out the heart of the monastic system, and, what is worse, of Church and State throughout the land. In Walpole's eyes these establishments, degraded and out of date as they were, were of value as keeping up the language of Greece, and checking the defection of Christians to Mahometanism. But now a much more dangerous enemy has appeared than ever the Turk was to the Greek, and these institutions are made a lever for inclining the edifice of Greek liberty in a more perilous direction:—

Russia, under the cloak of a common religion, has overrun the old Chalcidice with its monks and its riches, has bought up the lands which an impoverished treasury could no longer maintain, and advised in countries, not under her rule, the confiscation of ecclesiastical property belonging to those of whose support she wished to be assured by their being reduced to poverty.

It is not speaking that which had better be kept back, to give utterance to the only words a traveller can hear from the present monks of Greek origin on Mount Athos.

There is but one cry, one bitter moan, one powerless protest:—

"We are little by little drifting into the power of the rich man. He coaxes and he feeds our wants; but we are caught in his web, and our doom is sealed."

"His monasteries are rich, while ours are poor. His lands increase at our expense; and we feel as if we had pawned to him whatever remains to us, while he knows well that we can never redeem it."

In his remarks upon the contrasts of character between Greeks, Turks, Levantines, and Armenians, partly suggested by his experiences at Stamboul, Galata, Nicomedia, and Nicaea, partly inspired by the witty sallies of M. About, Mr. Jerminham shows much general insight, if not displaying overmuch predilection for any one race over the other. It is to the mixture of so many races, as he implies, that the depression and degradation of the whole is due. Sad to say, it is the Christian element which has lowered the old Osmanli pride in truthfulness and honour, while the sensual and indolent temper of the Turk has given the Frank a preference for easy-going and fraudulent practice over honest and persistent toil. Of the Greeks "outside Greece" our author cannot speak too highly, but these are, as he observes, Greeks no more. The Greek at home is essentially idle, frivolous, ignorant, and vain. All aim at being Ministers of State, and not one will condescend to be apprentice in a workshop,

The great godsend is a change of Ministry, when good things are freely scattered around. No wonder that brigandage is thought the best profession after all, whenever, by the overthrow of their leader, all are thrown upon their wits for a new appointment. Something of the old ancestral kleptism survives no doubt in the Greek temperament, while the weakness or the corruption of official classes at large serves to take off much from the comparative odium or oppressiveness of the brigand régime. It was not without reason that the Demarch of Argos, a man of intelligence and probity, remarked that the people feared and hated the brigands much less than they did the soldiery. Our author's hopes for the country, for which and for its people he cherishes a genuine love, rest upon the wholesome influence of young Greeks educated abroad, combined with sound measures of internal reform. First among these wants is that which all travellers have recognized, the construction of good roads. By these means alone can the evil of brigandage be effectually checked and finally extirpated. Not only has a wholesome sense of this reality come to dawn upon the more intelligent Greeks, but a feeling of the eye of the world being upon them has been another good result of the catastrophe, to which we further owe Mr. Jerningham's mission and his entertaining book.

#### CAIRNES'S POLITICAL ESSAYS.\*

PROFESSOR CAIRNES has followed up the publication of his essays on Political Economy by publishing a similar collection of Political Essays. We recently expressed our high admiration of the former volume; and the present one is no less remarkable for the qualities of clear statement, sound logic, and candid treatment of opponents which were conspicuous in its predecessor. Although some of the subjects treated by Professor Cairnes have lost their immediate interest, owing to political changes which have taken place since their appearance, none of them, with one exception, can be regarded as altogether obsolete. One, and by no means the least able, of the present articles is a lecture upon the American Revolution, in which Professor Cairnes maintains the doctrine that slavery was the only cause of the Civil War, and that the extension or limitation of slavery was the only point at issue between North and South. The abolition of slavery has removed this question from the sphere of politics to that of history; though, of course, many topics more or less directly connected with it are likely enough to come again before the world. Of Professor Cairnes's treatment of the subject we need only say that it is what might be expected from the author of the remarkable essay on the Slave Power. That book was the most powerful defence of the doctrine of the Republican party which appeared in England during the war; and this essay is little more than a corollary from the propositions laid down in the larger treatise. Another topic treated by Professor Cairnes has also for the moment ceased to excite any eager discussion; but of this it is pretty certain that we are at some time or other destined to hear more. Professor Cairnes discusses the policy of maintaining our Colonial Empire; and he states his argument with equal force and clearness. As in the American discussion, he appears as an ally of Mr. Goldwin Smith, of whose letters on the Empire he speaks in terms of unusually warm admiration. It would be curious to compare the two writers from a purely literary point of view. Each of them adopts pretty much the same line of argument, and each of them has the merit of making his meaning perfectly unmistakable. But where Mr. Goldwin Smith dazzles us by his brilliant epigrams, his keen strokes of satire, and his eloquent enunciation of moral principle, Professor Cairnes avoids all epigrammatic forms of speech; he is never personal, and he seldom enlivens his logical statements by anything like an appeal to sentiment. Which is the better writer is a question which must be answered by inquiring what is the audience to be affected. If Professor Cairnes would hardly make such an impression as a writer of leading articles, his style would perhaps be better adapted to influence the opinion of an impartial court (if such a thing existed) of international arbitrators. In fact, he is eminently a judicial writer; by which, of course, we do not mean to say that his judgments are always correct, but that they are founded on a careful examination of the evidence before him, and are obviously the result of much painstaking reflection. He reminds us, indeed, more than any other living writer of Mr. Mill, as Mr. Mill appeared in his treatises on Logic and on Political Economy. Those books, as we need hardly say, owed a great deal of their influence to the singularly passionless air which pervaded them. Readers who formed their opinion of Mr. Mill exclusively from his writings imagined him to be elevated far above the sphere of popular passion, and were quite astonished when the sensitive and emotional side of his character revealed itself in his later assaults upon the established order of things. We do not know how far Professor Cairnes sympathized with the political sentiments which gave a colour to the last years of Mr. Mill's activity; but this book would be compatible with the opinion that he stands towards Mr. Mill in something of the relation in which Mr. Mill stood to Comte. He accompanies Mr. Mill the logician and the economist; but he does not explicitly avow sympathy with Mr. Mill as the abolisher of sex and the subverter of landed property. Perhaps, indeed, Professor Cairnes would go along with

his leader even in those more extreme theories, and says nothing about them merely because they do not here come in his way. We only mean to imply that the general quality, so to speak, of the writing resembles rather the *Principles of Political Economy* than the *Subjection of Women*. Such writing, calm, impartial, and carefully reasoned, is of no small value at the present day; and we only wish that we could see more of it in the writings both of Radicals and their opponents.

It has indeed one defect, which is common to the master and the disciple. Professor Cairnes's Essays, as an opponent would be apt to think, are too conclusive. They somehow have too strong a resemblance to a mathematical demonstration. Everything works out so smoothly, and the inference is deduced so rigorously from the premises, that he appears to have not only the best of the argument, but the whole of the argument. His opponents are not merely confuted, but it is proved that they never ought to have opposed him at all. There is, in fact, something about his writings which reminds us of that dogmatism of men of science which can on occasion stand a very close comparison with ecclesiastical dogmatism. It is not that Professor Cairnes shows the slightest want of courtesy towards his opponents, or meets them with assertion instead of argument. It is simply that his own views are so neatly rounded off and so excellently supported by evidence at the weak points that we feel that it is almost a condescension in him to argue at all. The persons whom he deigns to confute are like schoolboys seriously defending their own blunders against the authority of their master. The master explains to them the source of their error most kindly and clearly; but it is obvious that they scarcely deserve to be reasoned with at all. Now we by no means say that this appearance of logical infallibility is in all cases fallacious. On the contrary, we could point out cases in this book in which Professor Cairnes has, as we believe, not merely the appearance, but the reality, of a conclusive victory. He is a thoroughly clear-headed man, and when he deals with matters (and there are a great many such matters) on which he is fully competent to form an exhaustive opinion, he puts his case in such a way as to be pretty nearly invulnerable. Nobody could confute an economical fallacy, for example, more conclusively. He could point out the weak points in the chain of reasoning and sever it at a single blow with perfect decision. But in some other cases the reader who has been thoroughly confuted is apt to have a feeling that somehow or other the case cannot be so clear as Professor Cairnes has put it. The mere fact that there are reasoning human beings who take the opposite side of the question seems to prove that it cannot be conclusively summed up in so distinct a manner. When one man is absolutely certain that a coin is made of gold, and another equally clear that it is made of copper, there must be some sort of reason for each view of the question. The copper, if it be copper, must be very highly burnished, or the gold, if it be gold, very dirty. Professor Cairnes seems generally to prove, not only that the coin is gold or copper, as the case may be, but that nobody could possibly have mistaken it for anything else. A logician, when he is exposing an error, ought to remember that, for practical purposes at least, his work is only half done when he has shown the nature of the error; he ought also to show how it came to impose upon the world; for the mere fact that it was believed in, is itself, a phenomenon which requires explanation. Thus, for example, to take the question of the Colonial Empire, Professor Cairnes proves the inutility and emptiness of a home government of the colonies so conclusively from his own point of view that we begin to wonder how anybody can ever wish to maintain such a palpable sham. Now, assuming him to be right in all his statements—an assumption made, of course, purely for the purpose of argument—we begin to feel a certain astonishment at the vitality of the sentiment which he assails. If colonial loyalty and British love of empire are so hopelessly absurd as he has made them out to be, how is it that reasoning men are so much attached to the delusion? Can it possibly be that so hollow a phantom exercises so powerful an influence? We do not say that this is of itself a conclusive objection to Professor Cairnes's argument; nor do we even say that he could not give a perfectly satisfactory answer. We only remark that he has not troubled himself to explain his antagonists' sentiments, and that consequently his antagonists will be apt to think that he has somehow or other omitted an essential element of the question. There is in fact a very common kind of fallacy in political reasoning, which consists in tacitly ignoring a whole series of arguments which belong, so to speak, to a totally different sphere from that in which the controversialist is moving. It may be that the policy of a certain measure is conclusively established from the point of view of a Chancellor of the Exchequer, but that the reasons which would rightly weigh with him are not equally valid with the Secretary for Foreign Affairs; or, again, that whilst you absolutely convince the statistician, you would not have so great an influence with a poet. And even in political affairs the imagination requires to be consulted as much as the arithmetical faculty. It must, indeed, be added that, however this may be, the value of the reasoning is by no means destroyed. We express no opinion here as to the merits of Professor Cairnes's theories about our Colonial Empire, considered as an exhaustive statement of the question; but undoubtedly the reasons which he gives are solid reasons, so far as they go, and the statesman who should neglect to give them their due weight, because he chooses to appeal to sentiment of a different order, would be totally inexcusable. All that we mean to urge is that, in many cases, after the tribunal in which Professor Cairnes is so able an advocate has pronounced its decision,

\* *Political Essays*. By J. E. Cairnes. London: Macmillan & Co 1873.



the case must admit of an appeal to another, and in most cases to a higher, tribunal.

One argument which Professor Cairnes puts with great force, though it may also be adduced as illustrating our previous remarks, discusses the proper constitution of a national army. Professor Cairnes is, as we have sufficiently shown, a thoroughbred Radical. He accepts for the most part the orthodox doctrines of his school, and would apparently bid farewell to our colonies to-morrow morning with the most perfect complacency. But he is not the less convinced that we ought to have an army capable of rendering the mere thought of an invasion absolutely chimerical, and consequently—for it is a necessary consequence—of acting vigorously on occasion beyond our shores. He attacks the weak parts of our present system, and though his leading doctrines have been more or less embodied in the recent measures of army reform, there is no doubt much in them which still requires attention. But Professor Cairnes is desirous of a more radical change than any which has been yet effected, or which in all probability can be effected for some time to come. He argues with his usual clearness that the Prussian, French, and English systems are in a kind of geometrical progression, so that the faults which distinguish the French from the German distinguish the English from the French, only in an exaggerated degree. The Prussian system, however, is in some respects rather an awkward precedent for an English Radical; not only because anything coming from the country of Bismarck has a slightly suspicious flavour to a believer in popular government, but because the "militarizing" tendencies of the Prussian system may be considered as decidedly discouraging to a lover of peace and industrial progress. Professor Cairnes, therefore, looks further, and finds in Switzerland—the model democracy of Europe—a system which, on his own showing, reconciles the demands of self-defence and of self-government. Indeed, as he admits in a note, his enthusiasm carried him a little too far, and led him to exaggerate the probable efficiency of a system which has not yet undergone the rough test of actual warfare. Here, too, whilst refraining from expressing any opinion as to the merits of the argument generally, we may say that the advocate of a system of universal service in the army may find his case admirably stated by Professor Cairnes. The further question as to the influence of such a system upon the national character is dismissed rather summarily. Professor Cairnes, indeed, notices the obvious arguments which may be alleged on his side. He points out that in the existing state of Europe we must have a sufficiently strong army, whether it is a good or a bad thing in itself to have such an army; he says that the Swiss plan is the only plan practicable; and he adds some reasons for thinking that in a constitutional country the industrial will be too strong for the military tendencies, and that, as the system is better adapted for defence than attack (a doctrine to which the history of the last war gives a rather equivocal confirmation), the danger of encouraging military tendencies is not so great as might be thought. We feel, however, that in this more general question, which certainly does not admit of so decisive an answer, Professor Cairnes is scarcely so much at home as in pointing out the economical advantages of the system which he advocates, and the nature of the organization which would be required. But whatever shortcomings may exist, or may be supposed to exist, in his reasonings, we cannot but feel that, as far as they go, they are excellently put and fully deserve an attentive consideration.

A considerable part of the book is taken up by discussions on the social condition of Ireland, and on the questions connected with the Irish University system. On these topics Professor Cairnes has the advantage of intimate personal knowledge, and probably this, although we have not space to examine it, will be found to be the most permanently valuable part of his book. On the whole, we have great pleasure in recommending it as a singularly able series of discussions, and well deserving the notice of those who oppose, as well as of those who uphold, the views of which he is so excellent an advocate. A collection of essays published at different times during ten or eleven years, and bearing upon many different topics, necessarily gives an imperfect view of the author's opinions, and to this cause are doubtless owing some of the defects, or rather the shortcomings, which we have noticed; but we may at any rate safely say that none of Mr. Mill's many disciples is a worthier representative of the best qualities of their master than Professor Cairnes.

#### I GO A-FISHING.\*

BOOKS on fishing are almost always liked, even by readers who care little for the "gentle art" in itself. One reason for this, we suppose, is that an earnest fisherman makes himself thoroughly familiar with every remote nook and recess of the beautiful landscapes through which his pursuit leads him; so that, if he be a man of taste and feeling, what Wordsworth calls "the witchery of the soft blue sky" and other kindred influences become a part of his own nature. Hence his descriptions of scenery have a freshness about them, drawn as it were from the early dawn and the opening spring-time, that comes home to all classes of men. In this respect Mr. Prime does not fall behind those older writers to whom we have been referring; nay, indeed, if we have a fault to

find with him, it is that he outstrikes them in trampling seven-leagued boots, suitable no doubt to America, that country of sonorous eloquence and enormous rivers, but a little over-loud and over-big for our reticent British temper and fordable trout streams. The book, though it pleases us, would have pleased us still better if it had contained fewer grandiose emotions and more fish. At the same time Mr. Prime, we dare say, knows pretty well, both as a fisherman and an author, what he is about. He catches American trout with the scarlet ibis, his favourite and successful fly, in places where an English angler would keep uselessly thrashing the water with grey drake and turkey's wing; so let us hope, by analogy, that his *purpurei panni* may ensnare a crowd of American readers, though we Englishmen are not particularly taken by them. As far as we are concerned, the very first chapter of all, "How Peter Went a-Fishing," is a superfluity and a nuisance. Passages of this description abound:—

Perhaps the full moon was rising over the desolate hills of the Gadarenes, marking the silver pathway of the Lord across the Holy Sea; the stars that had glorified His birth in the Bethlehem cavern, that had shone on the garden agony, and on the garden tomb, were shining perhaps on the hillside that had been sanctified by His footsteps. The young daughter of Jairus looked from her casement in Capernaum on the silver lake, and remembered the solemn grandeur of that brow which now they told her had been torn with thorns.

This sort of thing only irritates without impressing us. Again, further on, the following rhapsody about the misbehaviour of the day is not to our taste:—

They [the mountain tops] were joyous then, for day came pure and white and stainless; they are sombre and gloomy and profoundly sad in the evening when they see day going down in the West, her face red with passion or flushed with wine. For, oh! man, never went day to rest unstained, never was morning born so pure, that she retained herself in purity till the setting of the sun. Never yet came daughter of the East, with chariot wheels of silver, a fair and noble maiden worth love, and winning love, that she did not go away in clouds with torn garments or in blushing shame.

The writing of this kind of stuff is "as easy as lying," and at best only fills up space which had much better have been reserved for the trout, if trout there be, or other fishes in the Sea of Tiberias. We should like to hear a great deal more of that Lake of Gennesareth, and Mr. Prime's apparent determination to tell us nothing is somewhat provoking. He has, it seems, fished in many countries—in Syria, in Scotland, in Bavaria, in South America—besides his native waters; but he never will leave the *Salmo fontinalis*, or North American brook trout, for a moment. In Sir Humphry Davy's *Salmonia*, the first chapter exhausts the subject of river trout; the second explains to us all about sea trout and salmon; in the third he devotes himself to grayling; in the fourth we are introduced to the *Salmo hucho* of the Bavarian lakes, and we are taught everything about these different fishes that a short treatise can teach. But Mr. Prime, whether he is at the Rookeries (chapter ii.), or on the St. Regis waters (chapters vii. and viii.), or travelling along the Connecticut streams, &c. (chapters ix. and x.), or elsewhere, confines himself wholly to the *Salmo fontinalis*, so that even that beautiful creature becomes in the end not a little wearisome and monotonous. We should have been glad to hear something of the American Lake trout; how far they agree with, and how far they differ from, the *Salmo fario* of the Lago di Garda, or whether they approach more nearly to the *Salmo ferax* of Loch Awe and Loch Shin. Again, as we have said above, any fishing adventure on the Sea of Tiberias would have been full of interest to all men, whether anglers or not; but we are told this, and this only, that Mr. Prime did, to use his own words, wet a line there. The 153 great fishes under which the net brake may have been large lake trout, or huge carp, or heavy pike. Mr. Prime leaves us uninstructed. About salmon-fishing in America, about the black bass, about the *Coregonus albus* or white fish, he is equally uncommunicative. Two-fifths of his book are appropriated to the American brook trout, and we do not greatly grudge them this; but the other three-fifths might surely, from a fishing point of view, have been better occupied. They are full to overflowing of noble enthusiasm and yearning aspirations, but, to use a metaphor drawn from Mr. Prime's own art, it would have been all the better if some of these had been thrown back again into the waters whence they came. The third chapter, for instance, abandoning trout altogether, is called "Iskander Effendi," and contains a sensational story. An American Jew finds at Jerusalem a mysterious brother, of whose existence he had never known; this brother has somehow or other become a Druse, and is also married to the New York young lady whom our Jew friend has adored in silence from boyhood. We hardly know whether the complications that ensue are represented as having really happened or not. The story is told well enough, and, as a true story, may not be more absurd than certain other romances angrily believed in from time to time by many respectable men; but it has nothing to do with the subject of the book, and appears to us out of place. If, on the other hand, it is a tale of Mr. Prime's own invention, the improbabilities are much too glaring to make it successful as a work of art.

All that part of the book, however, which relates to Mr. Prime's fishing expeditions is very pleasant reading, increasing our regret that he does not give us more of them. The *Salmo fontinalis*, a most captivating fish, which Mr. Buckland is endeavouring to introduce into England, is found everywhere, and everywhere is dwelt upon with zealous affection. This *Salmo fontinalis* appears to be a fish of about the same size as our common trout—certainly, at least as known to Mr. Prime, not larger. At this we are somewhat sur-

\* *I Go a-Fishing*. By W. C. Prime. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

prised. The Susquehanna, the Potomac, and countless American rivers of the second rank must be so much broader and deeper, not to mention also being much nearer a state of nature, than the Thames, the Severn, or any other of our British trout streams, that we should have expected them to contain very heavy fish. And yet the heaviest trout recorded by Mr. Prime hardly equals a first-class Thames trout in weight, and does not approach a monster exhibited at Driffield in Yorkshire, for which 17 lbs. were claimed. How these American salmonidæ differ specifically from our common river trout we do not know, and should have been glad to learn. But Mr. Prime does not touch upon the subject. He contrives, however, to make us sympathize with the spotted object of his affections, and when he gives his Pegasus a pull, instead of spurring him recklessly over hedge and ditch, he is often very happy in his descriptions of natural scenery. We extract his account of a night spent by the side of an American lake. Our readers may like to compare it with Tom Brown's well-known vigil, in the hopes of catching a poacher on the banks of his Berkshire rivulet:—

So I went up to the head of the lake, where a brook comes in, over a white gravel bed, pure and clear and cold, and lying down on the beach in the soft sunshine, dreamed away the day; the night came on us with clouds, and the sounds of wind in the higher forests on the mountain sides. We made the camp fire broad and high. Vast pine and birch logs, ten feet long and two feet thick, which with great labour Hiram had cut and rolled together, blazed high on the edge of the forest, and poured a rich light upon the lake. Far out on the water I could see, now and then, the dip and lift of a lily-pad, gleaming like a ruby. The Baron had been out sketching, but had come in at dusk, hung his sketches here and there upon the trees, and as we both had good appetites, we dined sumptuously. Then we talked by the camp-fire for a time, and then he threw himself down on the Balsam boughs, under the bark shelter, and slept in peace.

Both Sir Humphry Davy and Mr. Prime grapple with the question of cruelty as connected with sporting. They do not manage—perhaps it is impossible to manage—this matter with perfect success. Both of them waste time in defending positions that are never attacked nor even menaced. Sir Humphry says, “We are not Pythagoreans or Brahmmins,” and so on. Mr. Prime continues this obvious line of argument, and urges, in addition, that he would be justified in sacrificing the life of a favourite horse if a higher duty called upon him to do so. No doubt, but upon such points the question never arises. What their antagonist may say is this:—“I like mutton as well as any one, and know that sheep must be killed; but then I let them be killed as a matter of business, and never think of taking a morning’s pleasuring as an amateur butcher.” Mr. Prime’s argument from the possible sacrifice of his horse does not apply, unless he considers himself justified in feeling delight when he digs the spurs in, and gloats over every pulsation of the exhausted animal’s heart as it thumps against his ribs. Sir Humphry, indeed, rather shirks the direct argument, and shelters himself behind eminent practitioners of his art—notably, Wordsworth, and some lovely maiden, the cynosure of Mayfair, who was a zealous and efficient angleress. Here the case of this charming Lady Clementina Twoshoes, though crushing as an *argumentum ad hominem* (*Britannicum*), is a little too vague for general use; whilst, as for Wordsworth, great man as he was, we cannot trust implicitly to his guidance through the labyrinth of minor morals; if we do, we may find ourselves on a hill-side stealing woodcocks some dark night. *Vide Prelude, Book I.* :—

Sometimes it befell,  
In these night-wanderings, that a strong desire  
O’erpowered my better reason, and the bird  
That was the captive of another’s toil  
Became my prey.

We know now, of course, that this thievish impulse was, with other half-divine impulses, gradually building up his mighty mind to its appointed height; but still, if meaner men undertook to educate themselves in that particular way, it would hardly, as the phrase goes, tend to edification. Wordsworth moreover is not consistent with himself on this point. If “Hartleap Well” has any ethical meaning at all, it is meant to discourage field sports; and even the Bard of Rydal himself, fond as he was of reciting his own verses, would hardly have ventured to quote the last stanza of that poem whilst he was gaffing a salmon:—

One lesson, shepherd, let us both divide,  
Taught both by what she [nature] shows and what conceals,  
Never to blend our pleasure and our pride  
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.

We must confess that the question is an awkward one to face. We may perhaps, however, say that, as it signifies little to creatures lawfully killed how they die, it is not unfair to balance the good effects of sporting against those which are less good, and decide for or against it accordingly. Now effeminate vanity like Nero’s, selfish personal cowardice such as Robespierre’s, are the passions that generate cruelty in its basest and most unrelenting form. Against these vile passions, a masculine life nourished upon robust interests, such as war and the chase, is one of the best antidotes known to us. Patience under disappointment, uncomplaining endurance of hardships, self-control, command of temper, resource in difficulties, and other valuable qualities of a like kind are gradually formed by the help of such a life; and, what is more to the purpose, those who follow these adventurous and enterprising pursuits are often the gentlest and tenderest of men. We do not say that these considerations are what Shelley somewhere calls “refutation-tight”; they will not be so accepted, we know, by thoroughgoing humanitarians, such as a certain distinguished historian and philozoist, who cannot bear that any living creature

should be put to pain, except indeed an inaccurate Dean or so, and others with him who, hardy rebels against the truth, “greatly daring dine” under the shadow of a mediæval tradition without any root to it. But to such partisans we do not address ourselves, and our view may perhaps suffice for the ordinary conscience of an ordinary Christian and eater of beef, especially if he happens to be fond of fishing.

We have spoken our opinion freely about the exaggerated emphasis of Mr. Prime’s style and sentiments. Nevertheless we shall be glad to meet with him again.

#### GOUDSMIT’S ROMAN LAW.\*

THE production in an English form of a Continental treatise on Roman law, written in a technical language for the most part unfamiliar to the English lawyer, and accompanied with hardly any explanation or addition on the part of the translator, shows an expectation which we hope may be well founded, but which in a commercial point of view at least seems daring, of the interest likely to be taken in the subject by English readers. It is true that the importance of Roman law as an instrument of legal education is much more definitely recognized now than it was formerly; perhaps we may safely say it is generally admitted that an educated English lawyer ought to have some knowledge of its leading outlines. It does not follow, however, that the form in which it is presented to Continental students will be also the most convenient for English students, who approach it from a different point of view and for different purposes. Let us consider shortly what those purposes are. At present there exists no such thing as a tolerably good general introduction to the laws of England. We have abundance of sufficiently good books, and some few exceedingly good books, on special departments of the law; but in the way of institutional treatises we still have nothing better than the various editions of Blackstone, which either are content to follow the almost ludicrously wrong arrangement of the original, or patch it up by very imperfect improvements. In the most esteemed of these editions we find the notions of ownership and contract so hopelessly entangled that no place is found for the law of contracts except by dragging them in as a mode “in which that important kind of chattel called a *chose in action* is created”; and we have to look for Lunacy partly under the Royal Prerogative and partly under Public Social Economy; and while this is so, it is obvious that we are still far enough from anything calculated to assist a beginner to any clear or systematic notions. And for the present there seems to be no better way for a student to acquire such notions than the roundabout one of going to another system—namely, the Roman—in which the leading principles are accessible in a definite and compendious form, fixing those principles in the mind, and then bringing the light thus gained to bear on the richer but less ordered treasures of the English books. The main object therefore is not so much to know how far the law as it stood in Justinian’s days has survived as the modern common law of the Continent of Europe, nor to be familiar with the classification and terminology of modern Continental writers, as to grasp the main points of the Roman law which are most useful to illustrate the English law by comparison or contrast. And this, we think, is best attained if we begin as near the beginning as possible, with Gaius; of course not wholly unassisted, for Gaius “without note or comment” would scarcely be edifying even to a scholar sufficiently versed in the Latin of general literature. But there is competent guidance to be had in German, and, since the appearance of Mr. Poste’s Commentary, also in English. Justinian’s Institutes should be taken as near as may be concurrently with Gaius, to whom however we give the first place. The historical elements in the development of Roman law clearly brought out by him, but dropped out or slurred over in the later Institutes, frequently present the most striking and instructive analogies to an Englishman.

The treatises generically known as Pandects, of which the present book is a specimen, have also considerable interest for us, but of a somewhat different kind. We are less struck with the substance than with the method; we cannot help marking that the body of substantive law they deal with is both parallel to and different from our own in many important ways; but that which chiefly fixes our attention is a scheme of treatment and procedure quite unlike anything we have met with in our own legal education. The classification of civil law in its main branches of Ownership, Personal Duties (Obligations), Family Relations, and Succession, which is generally recognized by Continental writers, is not wholly without recognition, though for the most part of a partial and confused kind, in England. But the previous treatment in a General Part, as it is called, of the work, of such principles as are in great measure presupposed by or common to all the special departments of law, has never even been attempted, so far as we know, by any of our text-writers. Certainly the English law student has practically to go without any such introduction. He is plunged at once into special details, whether he begins with reading books or working in chambers; and he must rely on the light of nature and the gradual piecing out of his knowledge to teach him sooner or later which of the

\* *The Pandects: a Treatise upon the Roman Law and upon its Connection with Modern Legislation.* By J. E. Goudsmit, LL.D., Professor of Jurisprudence in the University of Leyden. Translated from the Dutch by R. De Tracy Gould, M.A., Counsellor at-Law. London: Longmans & Co. 1873.



rules he becomes acquainted with extend beyond the special subject in which they first occur. He may ultimately reduce his knowledge to some kind of order if he chooses to go somewhat out of his obvious way, and take some trouble for the purpose; otherwise it may remain a chaos, and he may never even discover that it is a chaos. Perhaps this is one reason why it is so rare to find any elementary legal notion tolerably well defined in our textbooks. As to the remedy, we are not much disposed to look for it in the construction of any system of abstract jurisprudence. Practically all the materials we have for a scientific view of law are either Roman or English; and it appears to us that any one who professes in England to lay down universal principles of law will really expound principles which are Roman, or English, or both, and that he will only weaken his exposition by disguising their individual character from his readers and himself.

Until our own law is presented to learners in a more systematic form—a result which there is no doubt that we can accomplish if we once determine that it is worth while to substitute scientific method for rule of thumb—foreign books such as this of Professor Goudsmit may serve as a very useful corrective. Some warning should be given, however, in introducing such a work to the English public, that it is not suited for beginners. It does not formally pre-suppose any acquaintance with Roman law; but it is not, in fact, meant to be taken as the first part of the course in its own country. The manner of treatment is too condensed and technical for a reader who has not had some little preparation; and the technical vocabulary is just so different from our own that on the one hand it presents some of the difficulty of a strange tongue, and on the other hand care has to be taken to avoid confusion. Subject to these cautions, an Englishman will find in this treatise a satisfactory introduction to the Continental method of legal exposition; though we can hardly concur in the translator's sanguine opinion that it is calculated to interest general readers as well as students of law. As to the individual merits of Professor Goudsmit's *Pandects*, it would be impossible to give any sufficient account of them in this place. Indeed, they must depend in great measure on an exactness in details which cannot be rightly tested except by the continued trial of actually working with the book. However, as far as we can judge without having applied this test, the author has handled his subject with care and accuracy. The text is clear, and the notes show that the authorities have been searched, compared, and weighed. In particular Savigny's great work is constantly referred to with the respect due to it, though the writer exercises an independent judgment, not unfrequently expressing a different opinion on points of detail, and sometimes even on historical questions of the kind in which Savigny is pre-eminent.

We need hardly observe that such English readers as are scholars of Bentham and Austin will not be satisfied with this more than with any other Continental book of jurisprudence. As Sir H. Maine remarks in his *Village Communities*, Bentham's analysis is still very little recognized out of England. In Bentham's view (much insisted upon and developed since by Austin), command is the essence of law, and the uniformity of conduct intended to be its consequence is but an incident. Here, on the contrary, we find uniformity put forward as the main element; uniformity of action resulting from universal (or rather collective) conviction, which conviction finds one mode of expression, but not necessarily the only mode, in the commands issued by the supreme authority of the State. Accordingly customary law is recognized as having an independent force of its own, and no resort is had to Bentham's fiction of *quasi-command*; for such it certainly is, notwithstanding Bentham's abhorrence of fictions in general. On this point, too, it is curious to note an opposition to the Benthamite way of regarding law and legal history; Professor Goudsmit speaks with decided approval of the free use of fictions in English law, and wishes they could "move a little more in the region of legal fictions" in Holland.

The translator's part of the work has been done, as appears by an extract of a letter from the author, so as to deserve his warm commendation; but we think that hardly enough has been done to meet the difficulties of English readers. Probably the translator, having familiarized himself with the technical vocabulary, did not see that it might require some explanation for others. Thus we find the phrase "relations of Right" obviously standing for the Dutch equivalent of *Rechtsverhältnisse*; to any one not acquainted with the use of the term *Rechtsverhältnisse*, which has no parallel in the language of English law, this would convey no adequate meaning. Either such terms should be explained by a foot-note when they first occur, or, still better, conventional English equivalents should be assigned once for all to represent the foreign words of art, the specialized senses in which the English words are used being carefully defined at the outset in a sort of interpretation clause. And something more might easily have been done in the way of calling attention to parallels and contrasts in English law. Several years ago one of the present leaders of the Equity Bar published a translation of Thibaut's *Pandektenrecht*, a book similar in character to this, accompanied by a valuable series of notes on the corresponding principles of our own jurisprudence. In the present instance the translator has only thrown in some very meagre notes almost at random. For instance, he gives some remarks on marital authority, legitimacy, and inheritance; but when, in a neighbouring page, Professor Goudsmit mentions among "examples of complex relationships," as a Dutch professor well enough may, the case of A. marrying B. and afterwards her sister C., the translator does not think it needful to call attention to

the fact that this particular source of complex relationships is not recognized by the law of England. Again, the translator appears to be an American by his designation on the title-page and by the internal evidence of his notes; but he has given no explanation of an apparently loose expression of the original in a passage where it is said vaguely that a rule of law exists "in the United States," making persons liable as subscribers to a newspaper though they have never ordered it, if the publisher sends it to them and they receive it without protest for a certain time. It is curious that an American editor should leave this unnoticed. It may be common knowledge to him, but English readers would like to know more of this new variety of implied contract; when it was established, and in which of the States. It strikes us as being neither good sense nor good law; however, it appears from an advertisement at the head of an American newspaper which happens to be before us, that such is the law at Boston and Chicago at all events.

Finally, we must observe that the promise of the title-page as to the "connexion with modern legislation" of the Roman law is but very moderately fulfilled. There are indeed plenty of references to the French and Dutch, and many to the Austrian and Prussian Codes. But the discussion of modern Continental law is kept in a quite subordinate position, and there is nowhere any continuous historical treatment of the matter.

#### HEMANS'S MEDIEVAL CHRISTIANITY.\*

THERE is one difference between the present volume and the preceding one for which Mr. Hemans's readers have much reason to be thankful. It is printed in England, and therefore naturally on decent paper, and with comparative freedom from errata. We say comparative freedom, for such spellings as "chace" for chase, and "absolution" for absolutism, to say nothing of barbarisms like "contendants" and "votation," still betray a lamentable negligence either in the printing or the correction of the press. Nor can we say that in point of style and arrangement there is the improvement that might have been looked for. Mr. Hemans does indeed, for the first time, vouchsafe to give us a table of contents, but it consists of the barest catalogue of the titles of each chapter, such as "The Fourteenth Century, 1350 to 1400;" and the inconvenience of the omission is not relieved by any running titles beyond that of the volume at the head of each page. The narrative is, however, somewhat less disjointed and jerky, from the fact of the author having confined himself here to a shorter period (1350–1500), and having described it more fully, and, for the most part, in chronological order, following the reigns of the successive Popes. Another defect which we took occasion to notice in the earlier portion of his work is only very partially remedied. We mean the neglect or reluctance to profess any opinion on disputed historical questions. Thus, for instance, the name of the Waldensian sect is said to be derived "by some writers from Peter Waldo, by others from *vallée* or *Vaudois*." We are told of Urban II.—the last Pope who had not been previously a Cardinal—that "one chronicler of the time denounces him as a cruel, scandalous, and very bad man," and certainly Mr. Hemans has himself told us enough to prove abundantly the charge of cruelty; "but," he proceeds, "the Florentine historian Ammirato undertakes to justify him on the ground of manifest necessity for severe measures amidst the then embarrassing circumstances of the pontificate." And there he leaves the matter. Are we meant to suppose that the imprisonment and systematic torturing of several of the Cardinals for crimes of which they appear to have been innocent, ending with their being privately strangled or drowned by the Pope's order, was "a manifest necessity?" or that the facts which have just been detailed, without any hint of uncertainty, are perhaps incorrectly reported? Again, we have three different lists given of the numbers of prelates and other ecclesiastics present at the Council of Pisa, without any attempt to discriminate their respective claims to accuracy. We presume, by the by, that in enumerating the members of the Council of Constance, "1,134 abbots" is a misprint for 134, which was the real number. It is fair, however, to say that on some controverted points Mr. Hemans does pronounce a verdict, as on the much vexed question of the character of John XXIII. We believe he is quite right in following the opinion maintained by the learned Hefele in the last volume of his *Conciliengeschichte*, that the more serious charges against the unfortunate pontiff cannot be proved; and though he may have been "the very personification of worldliness," there is no reason to suppose he was much better or much worse, but only much abler, than the general average of dignified Churchmen of his day. The author has also rightly, but perhaps unconsciously, followed Hefele on the question of the safe-conduct of John Hus, as well as in the spelling of his name, and has wrongly followed him in the assertion, for which he gives no authority, that the famous decree of the Fourth Session of Constance on the superiority of Councils to Popes was not included in the Bull of Martin V., sanctioning all the "conciliar" acts of the Synod. This mistake is the more puzzling as he afterwards mentions that the doctrine was admitted and acted upon at Basle, where also the decree of Constance was expressly confirmed, and its confirmation ratified by Eugenius IV. On the whole the author's account of the Council of Constance, which, being held out of Italy, does not properly fall within the limits of his work, is clear and accurate. It is odd

\* *History of Medieval Christianity and Sacred Art in Italy (1350–1500)*. By C. J. Hemans. Vol. II. Williams & Norgate.

to find him gravely retelling the exploded legend of the martyrdom of St. John Nepomuck, without apparently a doubt of its truth.

To general readers the earlier chapters of the volume, which include the second half of the Avignon period and the episode of Rienzi—or, as Mr. Hemans, for some unexplained reason, always calls him, Rienzo—will probably be the most interesting, though his record of the career of the great Tribune is too brief and sketchy to be satisfactory. Most of the Popes of that period were at least outwardly respectable in their personal conduct; but both Urban VI. and Boniface IX. were unblushing nepotists; and there is a characteristic anecdote preserved of the deathbed of the latter, who, when asked how he felt, replied, "I should be quite well if I had money." A contemporary chronicler tells us that among the bishops appointed by him, always for a money payment, were *scurre, histriones aut discoli*, of the most scandalous antecedents. Nor were the fourteenth-century Popes more scrupulous about usurping patronage which did not belong to them than about selling it when it came into their hands. Clement VI. in 1341 quietly transferred to himself by a bull the right of appointing to the see of Florence, which had been up to that time the immemorial privilege of the chapter. To turn to a different subject, Mr. Hemans gives a curious description of the pilgrimage of the "White Penitents" at the end of the century, which almost reminds us of the first fervour of the Crusading movement, when crowds of men, women, and even children, straggled across the length and breadth of Europe, too many of them only to perish miserably on the road:—

The sense of sin and misery, compunction for the first and pity for the second of those universal ills, may be said to have predominated throughout the middle ages. It was not till comparatively modern times that the dignity and self-responsibility of man began to possess his thoughts. In the last year of this century the feeling of profound sorrow for sin found vent in a movement which aroused the attention of the Christian world, and extended over almost the whole of Western Europe. The "White Penitents" commenced their doleful pilgrimage from land to land, from city to city, joined by multitudes of both sexes and all classes, clad in long white habits with hoods covering the face so as to leave the eyes only visible; the women distinguished by a red cross; all, as they advanced, reciting or singing orisons and hymns—the *Stabat Mater*, the *Miserere* psalm, &c. According to some writers, this movement originated in Ireland; thence passed to England; thence through France, crossing Alps and Apennines, and spreading with mournful enthusiasm over Northern and Central Italy. At Genoa 5,000 arrived in such guise, and were led by the aged Archbishop, himself on horseback, to visit churches, cemeteries, shrines, during nine days. From Lucca 3,000 set out, notwithstanding the veto of the magistrates, for Pistoia, where they were joined by 4,000 more, and thence passed on through Prato to Florence. There the devout multitude swelled to 40,000; and as many as 20,000 were led, in one long-drawn procession, by the Bishop of Fiesole to visit the holy places. At Parma the pilgrims on foot were followed by forty cars, containing the infirm and feeble, women and children. From thence 7,000 set out, preceded by pious confraternities with their standards and led by the Bishop of that diocese. At Venice the authorities refused to admit them; but at Ferrara the Marquis d'Este treated them with honour. Whatever the fanaticism of this "revival," it is certain that the fruits of good works, alms to the poor, reconciliation of enemies, restitution of what had been unlawfully taken, were abundantly borne by it.

The Mysteries and Miracle Plays, already popular in the twelfth century, were now beginning gradually to merge into dramatic and epic poetry, and the *Quadriregio* of the Dominican Frezzi, who died in 1416, passed through six editions between 1481 and 1511. Considering its date, it is remarkable that we find unbaptized infants and virtuous Pagans enjoying "an immortality of negative happiness" in the Elysian Fields and Limbus, which are, however, regarded as part of the infernal regions. Boccaccio's famous story of the converted Jew at Rome who concluded that Christianity must be true because the Court of Rome and the Cardinals had been unable to destroy it affords a striking illustration of the prevalent estimate of the Curia; while the reverse of the picture is exhibited in the strange austerities and still stranger influence of St. Catherine of Siena and St. Bridget, who denounced the vices of Popes and Cardinals in language which Luther could hardly exceed, but were canonized instead of being excommunicated.

Mr. Hemans's pages abundantly illustrate the deteriorating effect of absolute and irresponsible power on the character of the Popes, so often remarked upon, and of which Marcellus II. is recorded to have expressed his fear in his own case, though he died too soon after his election for such fears to be realized. Urban II., whose cruelty and nepotism have already been referred to—he actually screened from punishment one of his nephews, whom he had already made a duke, who carried off a nun from her convent and violated her—was before his election a man of modest, austere, and studious life. The antecedents of Martin V., who to the last studiously evaded his engagement to carry out the reforms of the Council of Constance, which had elected him on that condition, were "not only respectable, but admirable." The previous life of Eugenius IV. had been saintly, but throughout his pontificate his great aim was to advance his own prerogative and the interests of the Roman Curia. "Had he made a better use of his talents," says the Benedictine author of the *Art de vérifier les Dates*, "he might have restored to the Church part at least of her pristine splendour." The Cardinal presiding at the Council of Basle observed, in reference to these growing encroachments of the Papacy, "What are Bishops now but a set of shadows? What is left them but a pastoral staff and a mitre? Can they be called shepherds, without sheep, and unable to do anything for those under them?" The words sound almost like a prophecy of the Vatican Council. By the way Mr. Hemans

commits the unpardonable blunder of quoting the famous definition of the Roman Primacy in the Florentine decree of union, without the qualifying clause about the authority of Councils, on which its whole sense depends. Eugenius died exclaiming "O Gabriel, how much better had it been for thy soul's salvation to have been neither Pope nor Cardinal, but to have died a simple monk!" Not less significant is the complaint of his excellent successor Nicholas V., by far the grandest figure among the Popes of that century, the founder of the Vatican Library, and the energetic patron of the best learning of the day, both sacred and profane, who reclaimed for the Papacy its intellectual primacy in Europe, and with a noble liberality laboured to the utmost to save the Christian East from the irruption of Mahometanism. The news of the fall of Constantinople shortened his own days. But, little as he had to reproach himself with, he bitterly complained to the two Carthusian monks whom he kept constantly about his person "that there was no man on earth more unhappy than the Sovereign of the Church," to whom none that crossed his threshold ever dared to utter the plain unvarnished truth; and he added with tears "that he would gladly renounce the pontificate." The accomplished and outspoken Æneas Silvius retracted as Pius II. all he had formerly maintained about the superiority of Councils to Popes. Whether he also explicitly retracted his earlier dictum that "there was great reason formerly to forbid the marriage of the clergy, but there is now still greater reason to permit it," does not appear. His personal character was irreproachable, which may be said, on the whole, of his immediate successor Paul II., but certainly not of the Popes who followed him to the end of the century. Sixtus IV. set the example of creating new offices for the express purpose of selling them, besides making those venal which had not been sold before. His reign did much to dispel the last illusions of childlike veneration for the Papacy, as may be inferred from the words of a contemporary Latin poem on the Calamities of the Times:—

Venalia nobis  
Templa, sacerdotes, altaria, templa, coronæ,  
Ignes, tura, preces, cœlum est venale Deusque.

Innocent VIII., who succeeded him, gave fêtes at the Vatican at which a son and daughter of his own took a prominent part, and publicly celebrated the weddings of his own children. The infamous Alexander VI., whose election to the Papacy was notoriously simoniacal, went still further when he expressly named his daughter, the fair Lucrezia, as his vicar; during his absence from Rome she presided and gave audience in the Papal apartments, with a Cardinal as her subordinate seated at her side.

Mr. Hemans has only partially completed his record of Sacred Art in Italy during the fifteenth century, to which he proposes to devote a supplementary volume. In architecture the later half of the fourteenth century was the period of the commencement of the magnificent Duomo of Milan and Certosa of Pavia, both founded—perhaps as an act of penance for his horrible cruelties—by Gian Galeazzo, Duke of Milan, but the Certosa was not finished till a century later. No fewer than fifty-two architects were employed on the Duomo. The Cathedral of Florence was completed in 1364. Several other Italian cathedrals, as those of Prato, Como, Fermo, and Orvieto, were built or rebuilt during the same period. In painting it was the era of Bellini, Sandro Botticelli, Ghirlandajo, Pietro Vanucci, Filippino Lippi, Perugino, and Fra Angelico, not to mention other well known, if less memorable, names. The chapters on the artistic monuments belonging to this period in Rome and the principal Italian cities are arranged too much like a guide-book to be exactly attractive reading, but will be found most serviceable by those who are visiting the places. Mr. Hemans has devoted many years to studying Italian art on the spot, and he brings to bear on his detailed descriptions the results as well of a minute knowledge as of a refined and cultivated taste.

#### BIRCH'S ANCIENT POTTERY.\*

WE heartily congratulate Dr. Birch on the appearance of this sumptuous new edition, so profusely illustrated, of his *History of Ancient Pottery*. The book in its original form, published sixteen years ago, was already a monument of learning and industry. This revised edition seems to leave very little indeed to be desired. It is an exhaustive treatment of the whole subject, and future inquirers can scarcely make any additions to the stock of knowledge here accumulated. In natural science there will always be much to learn and much to be discovered, which may probably modify, if not contradict, existing theories. In some branches of archaeology, and notably in the history of the ceramic art, it is otherwise. Dr. Birch enlarges on this in his sensible preface to this new edition. He claims credit for bringing before his readers the whole field of possible inquiry as to ancient pottery. He reminds us that the bringing to light of any number of fresh examples by new excavations is not likely to add much, if anything, to our existing knowledge. For the classes and divisions of the ceramic wares of antiquity have long been finally determined. There are only certain criteria by which the age of any specimen can be estimated—the fabric, the character of contemporary art, the language used in any inscriptions, and the science of palæography in deciphering such inscriptions. It is in

\* *History of Ancient Pottery: Egyptian, Assyrian, Greek, Etruscan, and Roman.* By Samuel Birch, LL.D., F.S.A., &c. New and Revised Edition, with Coloured Plates and Woodcuts. London: Murray. 1873.



the last of these that modern archaeological research has won the greatest successes. Not much remains to be done even by an improved philology in respect of the inscribed pottery of ancient Greece and Rome. But Dr. Birch looks hopefully to possible new discoveries in the archaeology of Central Asia and of "civilized Africa." So far as concerns the potter's art in the primitive and prehistoric races of man, during ages in which the art of writing did not exist, and in which there seems to be no possible link of connexion between the rude arts practised and the languages spoken by the men who used them, nothing more is to be looked for. "Here," says Dr. Birch, "the question of the relative date of the pottery can only be solved by the conditions under which it is found, and the remains with which it is associated." This, of course, is true. It is with a pardonable pride in his subject that our author claims for the potter's art so great and universal an importance that a knowledge of it becomes essential for any adequate understanding of the mythology, history, and arts of all the families of mankind.

The work before us divides the whole subject of ancient pottery into five parts. The first treats of Egyptian and Oriental ceramic products; and then Greek, Etruscan, and Roman fictile art follow in order; the final section dealing with Celtic, Teutonic, and Scandinavian pottery collectively. With the advantage of innumerable illustrations Dr. Birch's pages are made as interesting as they are instructive. Without drawings, indeed, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to convey adequate notions of the forms and details of the articles described. But in these pages an appeal is made to the eye as well as to the mind. Take, for instance, the most interesting reproduction of the picture of Egyptian brick-making which is found in the tomb of Rekmara, an officer of the court of Thothmes III., of the eighteenth Egyptian dynasty, about 1400 B.C. Here are seen Asiatic captives, under the superintendence of taskmasters armed with sticks, labouring to mix with hoes the clay or mud to a proper consistency, while some bring water from a tank, and others carry the kneaded clay to those whose duty it is to stamp it with a mould into bricks of the required shape, which are then laid out to be dried in the sun. These were, of course, unbaked bricks. A great step was made in advance when it was discovered, whether accidentally or otherwise, that the clay might be made by baking practically indestructible. And then the addition of vitreous glazing or enamelling, and the invention of the "potter's wheel," brought the art to a much higher level. A picture is given from the paintings of a tomb at Beni-Hassan, in which all these processes are most carefully represented. Dr. Birch remarks certain specific differences from the Egyptian pottery in that of Assyria and Babylonia. The latter is finer in its paste, brighter in its colour, and thinner in mass than the former. Of ancient Phœnician pottery very little indeed is known. Is it not probable that further researches may throw light on this particular branch of the subject? We do not observe that Dr. Birch makes any reference in this section to any results obtained by the Palestine Exploration Expedition. He reminds us that a guild of potters existed at Jerusalem, and that one of the gates of the Holy City was named after them. He imagines that the Jews, among whom he considers that the state of art was very low, obtained the greater part of their earthenware from Egypt. What pottery is usually found in Palestine is of the red Roman, or so-called Samian, ware, of a comparatively late period. We approach an infinitely more interesting branch of the subject, in an artistic point of view, when we leave the pottery of the Asiatic nations, and come to examine that of the ancient Greeks.

We rather wonder that Dr. Birch, in describing the terra cotta of the Greeks, has not drawn attention to the neglect among ourselves in modern times of so valuable a material. Happily the use of terra cotta in architecture is becoming more common, but no one seems to have thought as yet of employing it for iconic busts. Remembering the admirable portraiture which the Italians of the sixteenth century produced in coloured terra cotta, we most heartily wish that our own sculptors would sometimes adopt the material in place of the conventional white marble. Such portraits would be infinitely cheaper and a great deal more life-like. We could promise, we think, a very remunerative sale to any enterprising artist who would produce in coloured terra cotta at a low price really good bust-portraits of the famous men of the day. Dr. Birch assures us that the Greeks often used this material for the statues of the gods which stood in the temples, as well as for multiplied copies of them on a reduced scale (perhaps for private use), and also for votive images; and he figures a head of Pallas Athene, surmounted by a winged Nike, which was found at Olvi, and which seems to be of a very high order of art. The character of the face indeed much resembles that of the majestic bronze head from the Castellani Collection which has been lately acquired for the British Museum. We may observe that many of the treasures from the National Collection are engraved in this volume; such as the graceful coloured statuette of Aphrodite from Cales. The fact that coloured terra cotta was so much used by the Greeks in these ways is not to be forgotten in balancing the arguments pro and con in the much-disputed question of applying polychromatic decoration to sculptured marble. Some of our readers perhaps may have forgotten that the cooper's trade is much later than the potter's, and that the Greeks kept their wine in great earthenware *pithoi* instead of hooped wooden casks. These are gigantic vessels, large enough to hold a man easily. And the tub of Diogenes was in reality such a pithos. He is represented in many works of ancient art as stretching his body out of one of these vessels in his famous interview with Alexander. A lamp so

ornamented is figured in the present volume. Of all the specimens of Greek ceramic art, the painted vases are the most beautiful and the most interesting. Dr. Birch treats this branch of his subject with special fulness. Among other things, speaking with the authority of an expert in the art, he describes the tests whereby, in these days of skilful forgery and imitation, a genuine ancient vase may be distinguished from a counterfeit. There have been organized industries for the production of fictitious vases, such as those of Pietro Fondi at Corfu and Venice, and of the Vasari family in Venice. Dr. Birch adds Wedgwood to the number of such fraudulent imitators. But surely Wedgwood did not wish to deceive his customers into the notion that they were buying real antiques. The processes of the manufacture of these Greek vases are carefully described; and a coloured illustration, taken from a kylix found at Vulci, and now in the Munich Museum, pictures the industrial labours of a Samian potter, Homer himself being represented as forming one of the group. When one remembers the hideous chimneys of the countless furnaces of the Staffordshire Potteries, it is interesting to see, in this picture, the chimney of the ancient furnace finished off at the top with a wreathed head of Pan. After describing the processes of the art, Dr. Birch proceeds to give an account of the successive styles of vase-painting, distinguished chiefly by the colours of the figures. Thus the brown figures are earlier than the maroon. Then come black figures in two divisions, followed by a fashion of black figures on a cream-coloured ground. Then come red figures, subdivided into a strong, a fine, and a florid style. Vases in polychrome betoken the decadence of the art. The question of the classification of the subjects painted on the Greek vases is still more complicated and difficult. We quote a passage which well states the conditions of the problem:—

No portion of the history of the fictile art is more difficult to arrange than that of the subjects which the painters selected for the decoration of vases. They embrace a great part of ancient mythology, though not, perhaps, that portion which is most familiar to the classical student. Many subjects were taken from sources which had become obsolete in the flourishing period of Greek literature, or from myths and poems which, though inferior to the great works of antiquity in intellectual style and vigour, yet offered to the painter incidents for his pencil. These must be sought for in the scattered fragments of Greek literature preserved in the scholiasts, in the writers on mythology, in works of an encyclopaedic kind, or, finally, in the compilations of the later Byzantine school. The attention paid of late to collect, assort, and criticize these remains has much diminished the labour of the interpretation of art, the most difficult branch of archaeology. It is, however, only since the discovery of a considerable number of inscribed vases that these investigations have attained any approach to accuracy; for the labours of the early European writers on the subject are hypothetical and unsound, except in the interpretation of the most obvious subjects. Up to the present hour, indeed, the identification not only of particular figures, but even of considerable compositions, remains hypothetical. In cases in which we are guided by names, personages the least expected appear in prominent positions; and compositions often represent myths of which not even the outlines have reached the present day. Modern explanations are based upon a few great traditional schools of art, and take no account of the universal diffusion of the fine arts throughout Greece and her colonies, and of the dislike which the Greeks had of those exact copies which mechanism has introduced into modern art. It was from this feeling that the same idea was never treated in the same manner in all its details, and a varied richness, like that of nature itself, was spread over and adorned a very limited choice of subjects.

After reviewing the various hypotheses of Passeri, Italinski, and others, and quoting Millingen's sevenfold classification, Dr. Birch proceeds to give a *précis* of the subject, following, as he tells us, the order adopted by Müller and Gerhard. Thus he describes scenes from the *Patroklos*, the *Argonautica*, the *Gigantomachia*, the *Theoid*, the *Heracleid*, the *Kadmeid*, &c. It is of course impossible to follow him in detail through these learned and ingenious discussions. The inquiry opens a comprehensive view of the whole cycle of Greek imaginative literature. We would next call special attention to the ability of the seventh chapter, in which the inscribed vases are considered. The several alphabets employed, the dialectic varieties of language, and the phrases and speeches more commonly used are all elaborately explained. It is curious to compare one class of these epigraphs, such as OINANOE KALE, "Oinante is fair," with the parallel conceit, such as GIULIA BELLA, of the Italian majolica of the Renaissance. A subsequent chapter chronicles the names and works of a host of potters who had the wit to inscribe their designs, and so have come down to posterity. Finally, our author distinguishes with marvellous accuracy the various kinds of Greek vases that were in use, and enumerates the several potteries of which the existence is now known. What has to be said of Etruscan pottery is contained in one brief chapter. Roman pottery is treated, as it deserves, at greater length, and on the same general principles as the pottery of Greece. First, that is, we have an account of the manufacture, especially in its more useful forms. And then the ornamental vases are described in order. The work concludes with an interesting section on the ceramic art of Northern Europe. Specimens of British or Anglo-Saxon pottery are continually being exhumed; and the lucky finders may be referred to Dr. Birch's volume for all the information which they can want respecting them. The usefulness of this very complete manual of Ancient Pottery is enhanced by most minute and copious appendices, in the compilation of which the author was assisted by his son, Mr. W. de G. Birch, also, like his father, an officer of the British Museum. These embrace a list of the known inscriptions on Roman tiles and on Roman lamps, amphore, and mortaria. There are also lists of the names of Roman potters of the Samian or red ware. And an abundant verbal index (in which we regret to say we have detected some inaccuracies) makes the whole work easily available for the use of the student or collector. If there be room for any adverse criticism on this

volume, it will be found in the want of a more lucid arrangement of the matter. The fault arises in a great measure, no doubt, from the fact that the present edition has not been entirely recast. As a consequence of this, there is not unfrequently a certain amount of repetition.

#### THE SQUIRE'S GRANDSON.\*

MR. ST. JOHN CORBET would have done better to have embodied the plot of *The Squire's Grandson* in a comedy rather than a three-volume novel. It is essentially a situation to be acted, not a story to be told. For, though told smartly and with abundance of good temper and animal spirits, the interest is lost by a method of presentation entirely out of keeping with the subject. A stage father and a stage son mixed up in stage incidents of various kinds do not make a novel pleasant reading, how laughable soever they may be on the boards. In a novel we look for life-likeness as well as subtle delicacy of character-painting, and for incidents which are possible in the daily life of the class written of; but the strength of a comedy lies in its leading situations, and the broader the humour, the more ridiculous the characters, and the more strained the incidents, the greater is the amusement of the audience, and the more completely is the author held to have succeeded.

The character of Sir Raymond Luttrell, the squire who gives part of the title to the book, is simply the caricature of a farce. Not the most outrageous impersonation of tyrannical absurdity ever dressed in a bob-wig and George III. waistcoat is less true as the picture of an English gentleman than is this mighty son of Anak, who has "muscle on the brain," and judges men and women, especially women, by their thews and sinews, what they weigh, or rather "how much they draw," the height to which they have grown, the thickness of their legs, the goodness of their digestion, and the amount of physical fatigue they can undergo. He is a strong man himself, and he "lives in Bigness." "A lover of the Enormous," worshipping thews and sinews, and admiring muscle and bone, he is also a man of "severe plainness of speech," seeing strength "in language emphatically neat, because unwatered with effeminate gaudiness and colouring." Part of his manliness of language consists in certain odd expressions, such as "flog me if I don't" do such and such a thing; "may I be forgiven if I do" do such and such a thing; "damme" on very small provocation; with a prodigal use of donkeys, fools, and other terms of abuse, when any one differs with him on any matter whatsoever. His biographer, nevertheless, is anxious to assure us that strong language is not necessarily bad language; and that if Sir Raymond was "hardly qualified to edit the works of the Pure Literature Society, he was equally unfitted to shine in the company of drunken bargees." "As for his literary powers, they stopped short at the composition of ungrammatical letters," in which he was certainly beyond the great mass of mankind. We will give Mr. St. John Corbet's description of this old impossibility, being the smartest thing in the book:—

Immense man he was, as Frank had said, yet by no means a lumbering, elephantine, cumbersome man. He stood over six feet in height, and was the most perfectly proportioned giant you could see anywhere. His broad, imposing back, his fine, outstanding chest, his sinewy arms and legs—all were to a hair's breadth exactly the size they ought to be. Everything about him was the perfection of symmetry, and the very best of its kind. Add to this that the old gentleman had a strikingly handsome face, sharp expressive eyes, and a countenance which, despite a slight suspicion of sternness, betokened infinite good humour and joviality. His head was by no means bald, but he kept his white hair short, and so gave himself a smart military appearance. Sir Raymond was not a man you would like to offend; though apparently the incarnation of British hospitality and good cheer, there was a Quarter Sessions look about his eyes, and you could see that he was just the chairman to give a couple of poachers a wholesome and satisfying sentence. Yet he was a person whom you could not fail to love, one whom you would trust as a friend through storm and heat, one whom you would dine with in winter had you to travel all the way on a snow-plough.

Of course, he wore a spotted neckerchief, gaiters too, and very uncomfortable, lazy collars; and, of course, the being he hated, loathed, and despised ten thousand times more than the Evil One, was a rich snob.

Frank was indeed fond and proud of him. He used almost to think that Her Majesty's Government ought in one way or other to make his father an affair of the nation, and to see that he did not die out. He felt that the old gentleman was as much a part of the nation's history as Stonehenge or Haddon Hall, and if he had had his own way, he would have had him photographed, graphotyped, talbotyped, and produced, for public benefit, by the Woodbury and every known process under the sun.

The determination of this muscular old squire is that his son and heir Frank shall marry bone, and so rescue the race which, by its too long devotion to blood, is now, in this generation, giving signs of dwindling into light weights and etherealities. For Frank is only five foot nine, and Ralph, the younger boy at school, gains prizes instead of growing inches. At first his designs take the direction of a certain Miss Kitty Tillett, the daughter of a farmer at the Grange; a lady in her way, seeing that her mother was the daughter of a clergyman, and that she is a good well-bred girl on her own account. But her claims to Sir Raymond's admiration are purely physical. "I believe, Dick," he says to his godson, Richard Heriot, a younger son of Anak, and of precisely the same height as himself, "that you, Kitty Tillett, and I, could pump as much water as the donkey-engine in five minutes. My word, Kitty's arms are strong ones. I got the saucy lass to let me feel

them this morning, and flog me if they weren't magnificent arms—royal limbs. I should have kissed her, I believe, if I hadn't been lord of the manor and your godfather." A little further on his commendation takes another turn:—"What a woman she would be for a man to have on his arm! why she might face old Nick himself and not turn a hair." And, still continuing the conversation, after contemptuously putting aside one lady because she has "got no wind and blows like a grampus," and another because "her legs are like a couple of pencils," he mentions Kitty's legs with a kind of religious veneration, and propounds football as the touchstone of a woman's worthiness. There is another girl, not in the picture, whom also he affects as the fitting wife for Frank, because he once saw her playing football; but when Miss Diana Heriot comes into view, she distances all comers, and the Squire goes down before her—"England in petticoats," as he calls her, with an excess of admiration that might tell on the stage, but that seems more silly than amusing in a book. He meets her and a certain Miss Lily Gaythrope, who figures for half the first volume as Miss Unknown, at Lady Orchester's "hay." Miss Gaythrope has the misfortune to be a light weight, with a tendency to headaches, and of no special physical ability. But Frank has fallen in love with her, and she with him, on short notice; and the contrast between her and the young lady who has legs and thews and sinews is not favourable to the progress of the love affair. To be sure Miss Lily is brave in more senses than one. She puts herself into a boat on the little lake in the park, and allows Frank, to whom she has just been introduced, to coach her in the art of rowing; learning her lesson so well that, after a very few instructions she, according to Mr. St. John Corbet's manner of narration, "stuck to the work manfully, pulled well within herself, wasted no 'beef' by wriggling all over the boat, and gradually settled down into something like time." She managed, however, to catch two crabs, and to upset the boat; when she would have been drowned but for Frank's diving after her, "oaring his arm" and bringing her safe to land. Meanwhile old Sir Raymond comes to the "hay"; sees Diana; mutters "eleven stone if she's an ounce"—"five feet six or seven if she's an inch." "Damme, I never saw such a neck and shoulders in my life. Walks on a pair of substantial, I'll be bound, and rides like a jockey. May she be forgiven if I fall down and worship her." Miss Heriot, therefore, is to be Mrs. Frank Luttrell, and he will give the young couple the Grange and three thousand a year.

But though the young lady is pretty, unaffected, amiable, and by no means clumsy, with all her inches and flesh, Frank's heart has gone once and for all to Lily, and he will not take Miss Heriot even to keep peace with his father, and make him happy in his last days. It is not only for the mere fact of the wife that the squire is so intent on his son's marrying bone. He is thinking of his grandchildren. He wants big grandchildren, bony grandchildren, boys and girls of thews and sinews like himself or his godson Richard Heriot. "It is to my grandchildren I look for perfection," he says to Miss Heriot in their first conversation; "if I don't have a grandson like your cousin Richard, I shall go crazy." To such a man as this pretty Lily Gaythrope is only an example of "nature's how-not-to-do-it"; and he is furious when, on an introduction to "Miss Finnikin Doll," she shows her cards too plainly, and tells him of her ducking in the lake, with his son Frank as her deliverer.

Perhaps the oddest part of the book is the transparent way in which Lily both endeavours on her own account, and is instructed by Frank, how best to please Sir Raymond, and how most surely to avoid displeasing him. Few sons of an affectionate and respectful kind would show up the weaknesses and follies of a father on a first introduction, even to a charming young lady; and few young ladies would confess even to themselves that they had any special need to learn how to please the father of a young man just known. There ought to have been a much longer acquaintance between the two to have made this part of the book pleasant or possible. As it is, it is neither. It is of an essentially stage-like hurry and precipitancy which might go well on the boards, but which goes very far from well in a novel.

Of course Sir Raymond is a martyr to the gout; and of course during his attacks bears himself with a mixture of heroism and bearishness that seems to be the author's idea of how "a grand old lion bound hand and foot with intolerable pain" would naturally behave. He insults his medical man; calls his son names; abuses his wife's brother who is "serious," and who has just given Frank a volume of prayers written by himself. But as it is part of Sir Raymond's creed "to believe all men of his own age to be donkeys, knaves, or lunatics," this is no novelty to his son, who by this time must have been pretty well seasoned to the opprobrious epithets which came to him for his own share, and were flung so liberally on others. The speech which the grand old lion makes to Frank about his uncle is too characteristic to be omitted:—

"Your uncle is, without exception, the biggest old donkey I ever met, and in matters of religion the most confounded humbug that walks the earth. When he heard I had proposed to his sister, flog me if he didn't write me a letter three miles long about the responsibility the step would involve, the necessity for considering what I was about, and the devil knows what else besides. I was going out shooting the day I got it, and damme, I used it for wads, and shot away my lord's good advice at the rabbits!"

The difficulty of the position, however, remains the same, though Frank's coming cheers his father and makes the gout more tolerable. "England in petticoats" on the one side, and Miss Finnikin Doll on the other, with a young man's perverse love and an old man's unconquerable will—it seems a problem difficult of solution, a nut very hard to crack. It is so hard that Frank and

\* *The Squire's Grandson: a Tale of a Strong Man's Weakness.* By Robert St. John Corbet, Author of "The Canon's Daughters," &c. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1873.



his beloved are forced to have recourse to a subterfuge. They marry secretly, with the full consent of Sir Edward and Lady Gaythrope, the father and mother of Lily; to which of itself we should object as simply impossible in the society in which these people are said to live. The chiefs of departments do not indulge young men in secret marriages with their daughters, on the chance of a big bouncing baby, all bone, which shall satisfy the requirements of Herculean and objecting fathers-in-law. However, Sir Edward is "reasonable," and suffers his daughter to marry Frank unknown to his family and the world, and to live in a wood near Massmere, Sir Raymond's place, like an enchanted maiden, or rather like a mother who has no marriage to conceal. Here she gives birth to a huge boy baby, who looks six weeks old when he is only two, and three months when he is only one. The baby is artfully shown to the Squire, and the Squire immediately venerates the baby as "good twenty-two carat English muscle, unalloyed with a grain of gristle." When he learns whose it is, he threatens to be unmanageable again, but after calling Frank and Lily a few hard names, such as "cheats and liars," he relents, and the curtain rings down on a speech which, delivered behind the footlights, would be applauded to the echo by both gods and groundlings. But what becomes of Miss Heriot? Kitty Tillett finds a Life-Guardsman, but "England in petticoats" is thrust aside in the most unceremonious manner; which is hard, seeing the account made of her in the first volume.

On the whole, *The Squire's Grandson* is clever but slight, amusing but ridiculous, good-tempered but more than trenching on coarseness, and utterly devoid of art from end to end. Mr. St. John Corbet can do better than this, but to do better he must take more pains and give more thought to his work. This kind of scampering work is never good, from whose hand soever it comes.

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September 5, 1873.

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| Latin .....                                 | Professor A. S. Wilkins, M.A.<br>(Fellow of University College, London.)   |
| Comparative Philology .....                 | Assistant Lecturer in Greek and Latin,<br>Mr. Edwin B. England, M.A.   |
| English Language and Literature .....       | Professor A. W. Ward, M.A.<br>(Fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge.)  |
| Ancient and Modern History .....            | Assistant Lecturer, Mr. Thomas N. Toller, M.A.<br>(Fellow of Christ College, Cambridge.)   |
| Mathematics .....                           | Professor Thomas Barker, M.A.<br>(Late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.)  |
| Natural Philosophy .....                    | Assistant Lecturer, Mr. A. T. Beutley, M.A.  |
| Physical Laboratory .....                   | Professor Balfour Stewart, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S.<br>Professor Thomas H. Core, M.A.<br>Demonstrators [Mr. F. Kingston,<br>Mr. A. Schuster, Ph.D.]   |
| Civil and Mechanical Engineering .....      | Professor Osborne Reynolds, M.A.<br>(Fellow of Queens' College, Cambridge.)  |
| Geometrical and Mechanical Drawing .....    | Assistant, Mr. John B. Miller, B.E.  |
| Logic and Mental and Moral Philosophy ..... | Professor W. Stanley Jevons, M.A., F.R.S.<br>(Fellow of University College, London.)   |
| Political Economy .....                     | Professor James Bryce, D.C.L.<br>(Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford.)  |
| Jurisprudence and Law .....                 | Assistant Lecturer, Mr. T. E. Holland, M.A., B.C.L.<br>(Late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford.)  |
| Chemistry .....                             | Ditto, Mr. J. B. Gunning Moore, M.A.<br>Ditto, Mr. Wm. B. Kennedy, M.A.<br>(Fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge.)  |
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| Organic Chemistry .....                     | Lecturer, Mr. W. C. Williamson, F.R.S.   |
| Animal Physiology and Zoology .....         | Professor Arthur Gamgee, M.D., F.R.S.  |
| Vegetable Physiology and Botany .....       | Lecturer, Mr. W. Boyd Dawkins, M.A., F.R.S.,<br>F.G.S.   |
| Practical Physiology and Histology .....    | Lecturer, Mr. Charles A. Burghardt, Ph.D.  |
| Geology and Palaeontology .....             | Lecturer, Mr. Theodore.  |
| Mineralogy .....                            | Lecturer, Mr. Hermann Breymann, Ph.D.  |
| Oriental Languages .....                    | Lecturer, Mr. William Walker.  |
| French Language and Literature .....        | Lecturer, Mr. Frederick Bridge, Mus.B.   |
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The next SESSION commences on October 7.

Candidates for Admission must not be under Fourteen years of age, and those under Sixteen will be required to pass a preliminary examination in English, Arithmetic, and the elements of Latin.  
Prospectuses of the several departments of the Day Classes, the Evening Classes, and the Medical School, and of the Scholarships and Entrance Exhibitions tenable at the College, will be sent on application.

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**NOTICE.—ROYAL SCHOOL OF MINES, Jermyn Street, London.**—The TWENTY-THIRD SESSION will begin on Wednesday, October 1. Prospectuses may be had on application.

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